The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XXII. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1895. NO. 22

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10 40 A. M., 2.20, 6.40 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8 15, 10.40 A. M., 3 [illegible] P. M

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 6 [illegible] A. M., 1 [illegible] P. M. Closes at 7 15, 10.00 A. M., 1.40, 3 30 6 30 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8 30 A. M. and closes at 5 A. M

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.15 A. M

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11 40 A. M, leaves 1.00 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7 15, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

[illegible] 5.35, 6 30, 6 52, 7.13, *8.12, 8 23, *9.14, 9 51, *10 26 A. M. *12.04, 12 26, 5.06, 6 43, *7.11, 8.20, *8 20, 8.50, 9 08, *11 03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12 01, *8 20, 6 07, *6 50, 7 34 *8 14 *8 25, 8.30, 9.5., *11 14 A M 12 01, 1 10, 1 50, 2.43 3.32, *3 52, 4.30, *5 05, 5.25, *6 00, 6.02 6 21, 7 27 9 17, *10 00, 11 15 P. M.

Sunday trains, 12 01, 7 40, *8 25, *8 30, 9.0., 11 14 A. M. 2 00 *5 20, 5 53, *6 20, *6.55, 7 27, *8 12, 10.2. P. M.

( ) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PRUYN, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agen

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Any person sending to this office the names of two new subscribers, and two dollars, will receive the paper free for one year,—three copies of the paper one year for two dollars.

—Revival meetings are being held at the Methodist Church.

—Here's to 1895, and may it be " good and prosperous year.

—Watch services were held at the Methodist Church on New Year's Eve.

—The paper mill commenced running, on Wednesday, until ten o'clock at night.

—The skating on the river promises to be fine if the cold snap lasts a little longer.

—The GAZETTE has a fine line of samples of ball programmes, tickets, etc. Call and get suited.

—The fine sleighing of the past few days has been greatly appreciated by those who own good trotting nags.

—Bristol ice dealers are getting their supply of ice from the mill pond. The ice is about five inches thick.

—W. Q. Bunting, the Bristol township farmer, who disappeared suddenly last November, has returned to this vicinity.

—The New Year's Day parade of the America Hose, Hook and Ladder Company, No. 2, failed to materialize at the appointed time

—The Rev. W. F. S. Nelson, pastor of the Langhorne Presbyterian Church, has been called to the Presbyterian Church, at Ambler, Pa.

—The annual meeting of the Bristol Improvement Company will be held on Thursday afternoon, January 17th, in the Bristol Library.

—The week of prayer will begin at the Baptist Church on Monday evening next at 7.45, and continue every evening except Saturday.

—The annual meeting of the Fidelity Building Association will be held on Tuesday, the 8th instant, at the office of A. Weir Gilkeson, Esq

—At the GAZETTE job office a large stock of envelopes, cards, bill heads, statements, are kept on hand and everything in the printing line executed without unnecessary delay.

—A little play called "A Box of Monkeys," which was given by some of the young ladies of Bristol and their friends at Riverview Hall on New Year's Eve, was quite a success. After the play the guests danced the old year out and the new one in.

—Rev. D. A. Rook, pastor of the Baptist Church, will preach a series of three sermons to young men, on Sunday evenings. The subject for next Sunday evening is—"The Young Man's Soul for Sale." All young men are cordially invited.

—Young men's Volunteer Association will be formed in the Baptist Church next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. All men, irrespective of age, are invited to join this association. It is intended for church members and non-church members, and will be of a literary character.

—Mr. Henry Birge, of the firm M. H. Birge & Sons, the wall paper manufacturers, has taken the furnished house of Mr. Chas. Wilson on Jefferson avenue for six months. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will move to Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson's on Radcliffe street, while the latter are spending the winter in the South.

—It is with regret we announce the death of Dr. George W. Adams, of Bristol, on last Friday, of Brights disease. Dr. Adams, who had lived in Bristol for over twenty-five years, was engaged in the practice of dentistry until the last few years of his life, when he entered into the real estate business. The funeral took place on Tuesday from the Friends' Meeting House. The interment was in the Friends' Burying Ground.

—Some time ago Benjamin Margerum, of Morrisville, was awakened at midnight by the presence of a burglar standing at his bedside. He gave chase to the intruder, who fled down the stairs, Mr. Margerum catching the burglar by the heel, causing him to lose his hat in the encounter. The thief escaped, but the cap he left behind served to indentify him, its owner proving to be William Brogden, colored, who was released from jail last Spring after serving a two years' sentence for a similar offense. Brogden was taken to jail on Monday to await trial for the second robbery, having had a hearing at Morrisville before Justice Wright.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Solomon, of Germantown, is visiting friends in Bristol.

Mr. Samuel Penty, of Omaha, Neb., is visiting Bristol relatives

The Misses Bell, of Philadelphia, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell, on Radcliffe street.

Mrs William G. Buckman is spending several weeks with her parents at Phillipsburg, N. J.

A merry party watched the old year out and the new year in at Mrs. Chas. Steel's on Monday evening.

The Misses Stryker, of Riverside, N. J., have been the guests of Miss Helen Scott for the past week.

has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Burnet Landreth, at Bloomsdale.

Misses Julia and Maria Abbott, of New Jersey, have been visiting Mrs. William B. Rogers for the past few days.

Rev. and Mrs. Goodhue, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Swain for several days of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Jones, Jr., who have been spending the month of December at Rancocas, N. J., have returned home.

Miss Marianna Steel, of Germantown, and Mr. Parsons, of Brooklyn, were the guests of Mrs Chas. Steel for several days of this week.

Miss Alice Woolley has accepted the position of secretary to Dr. Alice Bennett, the resident physician of the Norristown Insane Asylum

Miss Lee Fanshawe, of Germantown, and Miss Louise Baker, of Philadelphia, have been the guests of the Misses Swain for a few days.

Miss Mary Bache and Mr. Parker Fine, son of Postmaster W. H. H. Fine, both of Bristol, were married at St. James' Episcopal Church, by the Rev. W. Bryce Morrow, the rector, on Tuesday evening, in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives.

—The Doylestown Democrat, the friendly enemy of Mr. B. F. Gilkeson, had a pleasant little interview with our political leader the other day. The Democrat says:

Among the callers at the Democrat office on Friday was Colonel B. Frank Gilkeson, of Bristol, who, notwithstanding he is rated as a big Republican "Boss," occasionally steps in to pay his respects. In course of a delightful conversation with Mr. Gilkeson, who proved himself as conversant with local history as politics, several interesting historical points were learned from him

One of them was, that on his mother's side he is a Kinsey, and a descendant of one of the earliest settlers west of the Delaware; another, that his great grandfather was a soldier in the Continental Army and assisted Washington to fight through the War of Independence, and that three generations of his ancestors on that side of the house have served the country in the field—War of the Revolution, War of 1812 and the Civil War. It is no longer a mystery where the Colonel's fighting qualities come from.

By-the-by "Boss" Gilkeson, as some people mischiously call him, is a blood relative of the venerable ex-Senator William Kinsey, of Bristol, a veteran Democrat now in his ninetieth year, of whom Colonel Gilkeson related this incident: Passing Senator Kinsey's residence recently, Mr. Gilkeson noticed the veteran's cane, which he carries with him as a peacemaker on his rambles around town, hanging on the outside front door knob.

Mr. Gilkeson inquired what that meant, and the veteran ex-Senator replied that that was a way he had of notifying his friends that he was at home when they came to make a call, as a good many did. This convenient way of serving notice that the latch string is out to his friends has its sensible as well as its novel side.

"THE SHERIFF TAKES A TOWN."

The Neshaminy Park Association's Property, at Parkland, Levied On.

Sheriff Alonzo Nicholas snatched out one day last week and captured a whole town, the place being Parkland, where he levied upon about 250 houses, the property of the Neshaminy Park Association.

The houses were built on ground rent and will be sold as personal property. All the dwellings are vacant except two.

William Jones, of Philadelphia, is the plaintiff in the writ.

Parkland was one of the mushroom towns recently built in Lower Bucks which have proved unprofitable ventures.

Board of Health Statistics.

During the month of December there were seven deaths within the borough limits, as against thirteen for the corresponding period of last year The deaths were from the following causes:

Bright's Disease,	2
Old Age,	1
Heart Disease,	1
Apoplexy,	1
Found Drowned,	1
Death from Scalding,	1

During the month there were no contagious or communicable diseases reported.

Bucks County Historical Society.

The January meeting of the Historical Society of Bucks County will be held in its room in the Court House, at Doylestown, on Tuesday evening, January 15, when the usual number of historical papers will be read. Among others the Rev. D. K. Turner will read a paper on the "Representatives of Bucks County in Congress." The President of the Society will prepare a paper on some of our early settlers.

Victims of Coal Gas.

The entire family of Edwin Stout, of Quakertown, consisting of himself and wife, two small children and two boarders, Miss Alice Youngken and Hugh Ruth, were suffocated by coal gas Sunday night. One child was found dead and the rest of the family in an unconscious condition, and it took several hours' work by physicians before they could be resuscitated.

—Ex-Senator C. S. Vandegrift, of Eddington, was installed on Thursday as District Deputy Grand Master of the F. and A. M. of Pennsylvania for the county of Bucks and lodges Nos. 308, 400 and 410 in Montgomery county.

—The GAZETTE—one year, $1.00.

LOCAL POLITICS.

A Couple of Communications on the Subject.

EDITOR GAZETTE—Good officials for the transaction of public business are always desirable. It is a comfort to think of a man in authority who does his duty faithfully, who has no self-interest to serve, no petty ambition to gratify, and no motive to control him that operates in favor of his own advantage rather than for the public good. Indeed, no man ought to accept an office of a public character who is not qualified for its duties, and who would in any way, or for any reason, neglect those duties. Whether the office be high or low, whether it be of the first importance or of the least importance, a suitable man ought to be chosen to fill it and no unfit person ought to be selected another is sometimes very marked. It is the difference between ability and incapacity, between attention and negligence, between heedfulness and indifference. Everybody knows who the poor and incompetent ones are, and on every impartial tongue are the praises in behalf of those who are worthy, active and public-spirited.

A town very often suffers sadly because of the poor material that is elected to transact its official affairs. Business that concerns all the people ought to be in charge of those who are not only willing to give it proper attention, but who are capable, careful and diligent in its behalf.

A faithful servant is an honor to the community. How often it happens that the real work pertaining to a body of men falls upon a few! Even these few are frequently hampered by the folly of those who are not strong enough or meek enough to keep their petty motives in subjection—motives that rest upon weakness, vanity, self-importance, or silly prejudice, and who are more inclined to obstruct than to aid. Every official that is intent upon serving the public well, ought to be upheld and encouraged. When this is not the case the public ought to take note of it, and see that poor material is displaced to give room for something better. When a man has been tried and found wanting, the people should be done with him.

Let us have worthy men in every position of trust and honor. Election day approaches. Let those whose business it is to choose candidates for office act wisely and make good selections. Choose as if you were choosing for the conduct of your own private business. Then you will not go amiss. DELTA.

MR EDITOR—Is there any real valid reason for not giving Mr. Harkins another term? With the exception of that "riot" business, wherein he was more a victim to circumstances controlled by others than erring on his own part, he has been dutiful and attentive in the discharge of his obligations. Is not this the case? I think it admits of no dispute. He has endeavored to do well, and with another trial he will show even higher credit.

If he is unwilling to serve again, what is the matter with John C Maule? Mr. Maule would make a first-class Burgess, just as he is a first-class Councilman. There would be no mistake in choosing him. Good citizens of all sections of the town recognize his worth as a public officer. We want a good man, a man that is well qualified for the position, and who would discharge his duty conscientiously. Any opposition to Mr. Maule must rest on a very flimsy and unstable foundation. If wisdom and good sense had their way, as well as a high regard for the public welfare, he would be the man selected.

Jan. 1, 1895. REP.

FOR BETTER ROADS.

The following account of a meeting of taxpayers of Middletown Township shows that our neighbors are alive to the need for better highways, and we hope Bensalem and Bristol will soon follow Middletown's example.

The meeting of citizens of Middletown Township held at Eden last Saturday, to consider the subject of better roads, was well attended and a great deal of interest was manifested. The chairman, Samuel C. Eastburn, presented a statement of the amount of road tax paid by the township for the last thirty years, which showed a large amount of money expended on the roads without the townships receiving a corresponding return. E. G. Harrison, president of the New Jersey Road Association was present and gave much interesting information on building stone roads in the State across the river. Capt. Nicholas Baggs, secretary of the Improved Roads Association of Abington Township, told of the experience of that township which had been a great benefit to the property in that district. At the request of those present another meeting will be held at Odd Fellows Hall, Langhorne, on next Saturday, the 5th inst, at 2 P. M. for a further discussion of this subject. All who are interested in this important matter are cordially invited to be present. These meetings show a sentiment in favor of an improvement in our road laws, and will also show our next Legislature that the people of lower Bucks while asking the aid of the State in this particular are willing to do their full part in helping themselves.

Government Land in Bucks County.

Secretary Lamont has written a letter to the Speaker of the House calling attention to the ownership of the United States of a piece of ground in Bucks county, Pa., and recommending the passage of a bill authorizing the sale of the property. The land in question was purchased by the Government in 1864 for a burial lot for the interment of soldiers, marines and other persons dying while in the military service of the United States. It contains one acre, was conveyed by George Randall and wife in consideration of the sum of $150, and is situated on the China Hall road, in Bristol township. The remains of soldiers buried in the lot were removed to the Philadelphia National Cemetery in 1891, and the War Department has no further use for the land. Secretary Lamont therefore recommends the passage of a bill authorizing the War Department to sell and convey the land, either by private or public sale.

FLAG RAISING AT EDDINGTON.

A Big Piece of Bunting Broken to the Breeze at St. Francis' Industrial School.

There floats at the top of the 140-foot staff on the lawn in front of St. Francis' Industrial School, at Eddington, the largest flag that the United States army has in its stores—a full 30 by 50 feet—save that Uncle Sam will only issue for use at a garrison of four or more companies St. Francis' Battalion has just four companies, and so it has one of the big flags.

Colonel Morrell sent a request for the emblem to Washington, and, in answer to his letter, the big piece of bunting came to the school some time last week, just as the contractor delivers it to the War Department.

It was raised Saturday afternoon. Com- Charles A. Higgins and Lieutenant Hemmont, arrived at Eddington Station at 3 o'clock and marched to the school, where the St. Francis Industrial School Battalion were on parade

A hollow square was formed around the staff, Third Regiment men and Industrial Cadets together, four sergeants were detailed to the halyards, and promptly at 3.30 o'clock the red, white and blue fluttered in the breeze, while Company F fired the regulation salute ordered for a flag raising, three volleys. Every day a detail of one sergeant and two "men," named by Captain Maginniss, who, under the title of acting major, also has the command of the Industrial School Battalion, will raise the flag at sunrise and lower it at sunset. Flag detail is, of course, an honor given only to the boys with the best rating in the battalion.

Colonel and Mrs Morrell, Lieutenant Colonel Maginniss, of the Third Regiment, and several ladies and gentlemen living in the neighborhood of the school, witnessed the flag raising. A few words were addressed to the battalion by Colonel Morrell concerning the signs of respect toward the flag ordained by military usage, with a word or two more about the respect and love that need no outward expression.

The boy band, of which all the pupils of the school are justly proud, was drawn upon one side, and it seemed as if "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Red, White and Blue" had never been played by them with such enthusiasm.

The visiting company was entertained at dinner after the ceremony by Brother Anatole, Director of the School. The battalion was formed only eight months ago, but already it has reached a high degree of discipline. Brother Anatole considers it a great success, and says there is a marked difference in the class room work of the lads who are cadets and those who are not.

Colonel Morrell also presented the battalion with a storm flag 8 by 4 feet, for use in inclement weather.—Doylestown Republican.

SHE TOOK THE WRONG TRAIN!

The young lady briskly stepped into a car of the first train that stopped at the station, placidly took her seat, and handed her ticket to the conductor when he approached. It was a ticket for Tullytown. The conductor looked at the ticket, then at the young lady, whose quick perception at once detected that something had gone wrong, for it was written all over the stern and rigorous features of the man in uniform, and darkly flashed in his withering glance. Every muscle of his face was rigid, and as frigid as the air outside.

"Did you," he said, with tones that suited his austere countenance, "did you not hear me tell that man at the station that this train does not stop at Tullytown?" "No;" the young lady meekly and innocently replied, somewhat disturbed by the embarrassing situation, "if I had I would not have got on the train." The conductor passed on. Returning he repeated the question about the man at the station at Bristol, who was prudent enough not to get on the wrong train, but waited an hour for the right one. The young lady looked into the rigid face, which still manifested its withering repose, and replied as before, with becoming mildness. Perhaps she thought that "all things come round to him who will but wait," or, rather, to her. She waited, and the train sped on.

Presently there were signs that gave her hope. She was conscious that some hand had pulled the rope. "Sizz" said the kindly signal, thrice repeated. Then the train began to "slow up;" and it "slowed up" the faster till it came to a full stop. The young lady took the hint, (not slowly, for she is not one of the slow sort) and, abandoning her unpleasant reflections about going on to Trenton and getting back the best way she could, hastily gathered up her numerous Christmas parcels, and with elastic step she left the car. "Did you stop the train purposely for me," she gratefully inquired of the conductor. "I did," was the reply; and not a muscle betrayed the slightest relapse from austerity in that rigorous countenance. "Well," said the young lady, with a delightful placidity of manner that was quite overwhelming, "I am very much obliged to you"—(the muscles of that inflexible face were still obedient to the vexed spirit within)— "and," she added, with a smile that was child-like and bland, "I wish you a Merry Christmas!"

Then, as the two pairs of eyes met in a quick brace of glances, the stern face relaxed, the muscles gave way, a ripple of laughter danced over the relenting countenance, the rim of the blue cap was politely touched, and the fair maiden with her Christmas parcels lightly tripped away, meditating upon her good fortune, and sympathizing with the prudent man who was patiently waiting for the right train at Bristol.

Assistant Jailer Wright Discharged.

The hearing of Assistant Jailer Wright, of the County Jail, took place on Monday before Justice Grim. The charge preferred by Mrs. Sarah Murphy of this borough, that Wright had criminally assaulted her while in the jail, was not substantiated, and Wright was discharged. Wright immediately swore out a warrant for Mrs. Murphy's arrest, charging her with perjury, and she was committed to prison in default of bail.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, January 4th, 1895.—One of the most vexatious problems which the police have to deal with is the saloons which do not confine themselves strictly to the sale of [illegible] revoking a license for a concert garden will probably do much to help to overcome the difficulty. The saloon in question had a stage upon which singing, music and dancing was given free of charge. Judge Gordon held that this performance made of it a place of amusement, and as the act of 1881 provides that a license to sell liquor should not be given to a theatre or place of amusement the license to the concert garden should be revoked The very important question, does the rendering of music alone in a saloon constitute it a place of amusement, was not decided, but it seems as if this point must come squarely before the court before long. Capitalists stand ready to put money into roof gardens where beer may be served while the orchestra discourses music. At present, in the summer time, Philadelphians go to New Jersey to enjoy their beer and music, and this demand has been so great that two fine parks have been fitted up on the Jersey shore of the Delaware within easy reach of Philadelphia

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It would be to the interest of all parties to have a fair and square decision on this point. There is a great division among people upon the subject, the liberal minded claiming that it is wrong to deprive people of the pleasure of enjoying refreshments and music together. There is some reason in this claim. The fortunate in life are permitted to dine sumptuously and enjoy wine and music at banquets or private dinners whenever they like. The poor man must be content with his glass of beer, and it may be a hardship to say that he shall not enjoy with it the strains of an orchestra.

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On the other hand, it is claimed that the spirit of the Brooks' high license law was to prevent tippling. For this reason the saloon keeper is forbidden to couple any other business, aside from supplying food, with that of [illegible] to allow them to buy drinks upon credit. There is no doubt but that music will lure into saloons people who would not otherwise be drawn to them, and it tends to detain people in the saloons and cause them to spend more money for liquor than they otherwise would. In this respect, therefore, it would seem to be a violation of the Brooks' law to allow music to be rendered in saloons and gardens where liquors are sold. Moreover the Law and Order officers insist that the introduction of music attracts the vicious and creates a disorderly house Many complaints are lodged against a number of the 100 saloons in this city where music is rendered, and if they are not suppressed in one way they are likely to be in another.

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The New York Times and Herald have been devoting a good deal of attention to Philadelphia politics. So anxious was the Times to have its page read that it sent special telegraph letters to the offices of politicians calling attention to the articles. Similar letters were sent to prominent men whom the Times thought would be interested. It has been suggested that the movement is in the interest of George D. McCreary as an independent candidate for Mayor. If Mr. McCreary were elected he would be in a position to give an honest administration, for he would not be fettered by political shackles. Whatever the purpose may be the movement is too late to avail anything this year. F. D. M.

IS THIS FREEDOM?

Just on the eve of the anniversary of the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation by Abraham Lincoln a strange incident occurred at Cincinnati. A lawyer armed with the proper requisition papers appeared in court and asked for authority to remove a negro from Ohio to Kentucky, where he was wanted upon the charge of shooting and wounding a white man. With tears in his eyes the negro pleaded pitifully for his life, saying to the court that they only wanted to get him back to Kentucky that they might lynch him. The judge refused to allow the negro to be taken back without the expressed assurance from the Governor of the State and the court in which the indictment was found, that the negro would be given a fair trial and that his life would be protected. Kentucky had already broken faith with the Ohio court, having lynched a prisoner who had been sent back upon a requisition

This scene is similar to those which often occurred in ante-bellum days when the slave masters came north to reclaim their escaped negroes. If the South does not accord fair treatment to its colored population it can not expect fair-minded judges in the North to uphold lawlessness, and it need not be surprised if something similar to the old underground railroad be revived. There are prosperous and intelligent colored people in the North now who could help their fellows. They have been aroused by the stirring speeches of Ida B. Wells, but they can not hope to accomplish much without the co-operation of influential white citizens.

ONE-THIRD of the present session of Congress has passed without the Democrats having accomplished anything important in legislation. The less they do the less there will be for the Republicans to undo after the Fourth of March.

—The London Times is printed on American paper.

A FEW THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR.

We now write 1895. The five years between to-day and 1900 will soon slip away, especially if the reckoner has got well past the gay and festive periods of youth. It and two cyphers. Some of us will not be here to do it!

For all that, let none of us be sad if we can help it. To be cheerful is better. There are a great many people, especially people who carry on almost any kind of bussiness, and people who experience a falling off of income, and a cessation of the old flow of dividends and interest, who can say farewell to the old year without a regret, provided the new year will be more kindly. And let us hope that it will be so for every one of us. Let us wish that it may, in one way or another, bless us all. While we are filled with hope that will require time for its satisfaction, let us be filled with cheerfulness that yields a perennial joy. Anxiety is a pest; discouragement is a cloud; discontent is a fetter; dejection is a fraud; worry is a bore and a torement. Let us not have any of these plagues for our companions. If the coming days refuse to be bright and beautiful for us, let us do what we can to make them happy for others. It is in our power. The opportunity comes to every one. Joy is often coiled up in a trifle, in a small and simple act. We know not what benefactors we are till we wake the fountains of gratitude in those who feel the weight of our good will. Benefits charm the soul. Beneficent action makes the heart tender, and is rewarded with conscious joy.

Welcome the New Year. Greet it with gladness. We are all done with the old one. Let us make the best of the days as they glide on one after another, and let us get some advantage out of each one, or see that others do. The most precious days are those in which we joyously serve others.

No matter how dreary one's lot may be, there is always some twig of comfort to cling to. A French writer who had his full share of darkness and doubt once wrote, "Come, let me forget myself; let me shake off this melancholy, this weariness. Let me think, not of all that is lost, but of all that I might still lose. I will reckon up my privileges, I will try to be worthy of my blessings."

And in another strain, an English writer says, the sad and woeful Cowper, "How quick is the succession of human events! The cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow, and when we lie down at night, we may safely say to most of our troubles—'Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more'."

Cheerfulness in one soul invites gladness in another. It has the serene yet vital tonic that dwells in sunshine. It blesses all that come within its enlivening spell. When it appears, spectres fly away, and troubles lose their sting. The eye that looks at the bright side of things, accompanies a healthy and happy spirit, which works always cheerfully, and stimulates others to work with fervor and hope and content.

Welcome! New Year! Whatever thy days may have in store for us of care or peace, of joy or sorrow, of gain or loss, may a goodly share of them steal away silently and peacefully, and "march on as if they were shod with felt." W.

Our Hymns and Tunes Not Popular.

"We do not hear our young people singing hymns as they go about the house, or as they are at work. They are not heard in the shops as they used to be, where work is largely automatic. The hymns and tunes are not popular. They were popular not many years ago. The reason for this change is to be found, no doubt, in the character of both the hymns and the tunes, but especially in the latter. The new music is technical, not emotional. The tunes are harmonies, not melodies. The air does not stand alone; does not fill the ear or satisfy the desire when sung alone. It is lacking in fulness, and breaks down here and there when without the other parts of the harmony. The harmony involves a succession of half-tones, of accidentals, of notes.

"It may as well be said, plainly: A great many of us extremely dislike by far the larger part of the new church music, and deplore the tendency in it toward an exhibition of technical skill. It may, also be as well understood that German chorals are not popular among Americans, or approximations to them. Many of the tunes of the English composers are not popular with Americans. Is it not worth while to endeavor to secure hymns and tunes that will be popular? We do not go to church to practice singing, but to sing. We desire tunes we can sing, and without taking a course of lessons."—The Christian Intelligencer.

—Apropos of the current discussion of anti-toxine, the alleged diphtheria remedy, and its merits, the editor of the Review of Reviews, in "Progress of the World," calls attention to the decline of such old-fashioned maladies as small-pox and typhoid fever and the increased efforts of modern sanitary science to grapple with children's diseases, especially diphtheria and scarlet fever. The Review also offers a few suggestions concerning the duty of society in relation to the condition of city slums, and the housing of the poor. To show that the situation in New York is not quite as bad as it has been represented, the editor cites the suggestive fact that the mortality rate for New York tenement houses is lower than that for the slum districts of European cities. There is ground for encouragement in this.

—The GAZETTE,—one year $1.

Jail or Deportation.

There has been too much temporizing with the blatant Mowbray, the English Anarchist who stole his way into the United States under an assumed name. He has landed finally behind the bars in Philadelphia, where he was arrested Saturday night for treasonable utterances, and if he could be kept there for a long term society would be the better for it.

Coming to this country in the surreptitious manner he did and with the avowed purpose of spreading the Anarchistic propaganda, a conscientious and honest application of the immigration laws would have sent him back to England whence he came. But there was splitting of hairs as to the rights of the Government, with the result that he was not disturbed and was soon preaching his gospel of misrule.

Fortunately, the Chief of Police of Philadelphia and the entire police force of that city do not take kindly to Anarchists, and Mowbray's efforts to "spread the propaganda" there has resulted exactly as the same effort should result in any city in the United States, not even excepting Anarchistic Chicago, where the Altgeld influence still works in the interest of disorder.

It would be a good thing if Mowbray can be kept in jail during the remainder of his stay here, even if that stay has to be prolonged in order that his term may not be too brief. But if this may not be, the efforts to deport him shou'd be renewed. We breed but few Anarchists in this country, and we tolerate these with much reluctance, requiring them meanwhile to walk softly. We do not want any special importations if we can help it, and particularly of the class of Mowbray, who comes here with a long criminal record. Keep him in jail or send him back.

Hypnotic Crim nals.

Hypnotism, under the names "animal magnetism" and "mesmerism," has been known to the world for a long time. Until within a few years, it was in the hands of uneducated charlatans, who lectured and gave startling exhibitions of hypnotic phenomena by making men drunk on cold water and sobering them up on liquor. Of late, science has taken the matter in hand, and the new psychology finds a most profitable and interesting field in this subject.

The effect of mind over mind was studied as early as the days of Aristotle, and, as is usual in the early days of all the sciences, what could not be explained was charged to supernatural agencies. Of late the novelist and playwright have found in the hypnotized subject and the hypnotizer excellent material for the elaboration of story or drama, but the everyday world is inclined to class such literary agencies with what it incredulously calls "ghost stories."

From this time on, however, it would seem that hypnotism is to be recognized as an agency in crime by our courts, and that it may be possible for an actual murderer to get free, while the person who incited him to the crime will receive the punishment. A case of this kind has just been tried in Wellington, Kansas, and the result is positively startling.

Thomas McDonald, while under the alleged hypnotic influence of a man named Gray, killed Thomas Patten. The murdered man had incurred the enmity of Gray. Gray hypnotized McDonald and then incited him to do the killing. The evidence of this remarkable trial is not before us, but the result of it was that McDonald, the actual murderer, was declared innocent. Gray was then placed on trial for the murder he had suggested to a hypnotized subject. He was found guilty, and on Saturday last Judge Burnett sentenced him to death.

This case is certainly remarkable, and on the face of it it looks as if an appeal should be granted.

—It is perhaps not surprising that a Democratic Administration should break down all round in the more important functions of government, but it is rather strange that it cannot even gum a postage stamp correctly. The current stamps are the worst of their kind. They are not up to the standard in color and won't stick. This is what a nation gets which admits to power such an imbecile and at the same time such a flagitious party. It ought to be dipped in the gum arabic of its unsuccessful philatelic experiments and hung up somewhere to dry.—N. Y. Tribune

The Fair Winner.

Miss Elise Mercur, of Pittsburg, is the designer of the Women's Building for the Cotton States and International Exposition to be held at Atlanta next year. It is a colonial design, while most of the larger buildings will be Romanesque. It will contain exhibits of the work of women, including a library for books written by women, patents and inventions by women, art work and other products of women's skill.—Buffalo "Express."

THE holding of 367 people in quarantine at the Lazaretto to protect Pennsylvania and other parts of the country from small-pox is a hardship which is unavoidable. The passengers were in the steerage of the steamship Southwark, and were exposed to the disease by one of their number taking sick. It takes from two to three weeks for small-pox to develop after exposure, and the quarantine must be maintained for some time yet.

Economy and Variety in Cheese.

"In buying cheese for an ordinary family of six," says Mrs. Rorer, "buy either a pineapple or an Edam; they will keep all winter, if necessary. Then buy a pot of Roquefort and a tumbler of club house cheese. Keep them in a cool, dry place and they will last until used. In this way you may have a variety at a little expense."

—Eighteen hundred and ninety-four will go into history as the Waterloo year of American politics.—Boston Journal.

—There's one good thing about hard times—they make folks hustle.—Atlanta Constitution.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.
OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS
One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS
THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1895.

HE WAS A WONDERFUL GOBBLER.

The Poultryman Expected Him to Keep Growing After Death.

"Talkin about turkeys," observed the farmer to the produce man, "we raised one a year ago that probably never had his equal in size and weight in the history of the world "

The produce man looked incredulous, but the farmer went on without noticing it

"When that turkey was hatched, he was no bigger than the rest of the brood, but two days later he weighed five pounds and was sprouting tail feathers The end of the first week out of the shell saw him a full fledged bird of a trifle more than ten pounds, and still he grew "

The produce man smiled indulgently, echoing the farmer's words

"And still he grew."

"Yes, sirree. I never saw anything like it. He was 3 weeks old to the day when he tipped the beam at 35 pounds, and he only seemed to have fairly started, for"—

"Yes, I know," slowly observed the produce man, "for still he grew "

"Grew? Well, I should say so! A week later he had put up another 15 pounds without impairin his activity or seemin to mind it in the least. He picked up his corn as lively as ever, and still he grew."

There was a sickly smile on the produce man's face, but he made no remark

"We began to wonder where it was goin to stop," went on the farmer, "for about this time his appetite, which had always been extraordinary, began to pick up at an alarmin rate, and we knew he'd just about got his second wind, which meant puttin on weight more rapidly than ever It took him just ten days to put up an other 25 pounds."

"That makes 75," gasped the produce man

"Kerrect, and still he grew "

"And still he grew," sighed the produce man

"I suppose he was something like 8 weeks old when he reached the hundred pound mark and quit walkin about," continued the farmer.

"But still he grew?" anxiously put in the produce man

"Never let up for a minute," was the assuring reply "We became a little anxious about him at this time, on account of the henhouse, which we could see would soon be too small for him to stand up in. Finally we decided to transfer him to the barn, but we had been a little slow in comin to the decision, for when we went to remove him he had grown too big to go through the henhouse door, and we had to take out the whole front of the buildin to to accommodate his size "

"And still he grew," ventured the produce man in a weak voice, and with a very painful attempt at a smile

"Yes, he had more room to spread out in the barn and went on growin faster than ever Very soon it became a question as to how long the barn would last him, and then we decided to kill him That, as you'll easily guess, was no small task, but we did it—just felled him with a pole ax as you would an ox, and we managed to give him his deathblow at the third stroke."

"And still he grew," absentmindedly murmured the produce man

"Grew nothin!" retorted the farmer indignantly "Did you expect him to go on growin forever?"

"Oh, I didn't know," answered the other, somewhat recovering his spirits "Stranger things than that happened to the turkey, if I have not been dreaming "—New York Herald.

Physical Development.

A writer on physical development says the human frame is like a tree and grows as it is bent. Stooping, pushing the head forward, weakens the lungs. Always in walking lift the feet and put them down firmly, but lightly. Put down the front of the foot first, not the heel, and rest your weight on the ball of your foot, so that the center of gravity falls plumb through your hips and the muscles of your lower limbs instead of at the end of your spine. The muscles of the hips and waist should be trained to bear the full share of the weight of the body and to preserve the elasticity of the figure. A good exercise for this end is to sit bolt upright for half an hour at a time reading, sewing or doing whatever you like, only not letting yourself sink down into your hips

An excellent exercise for training young people to hold their heads properly is the carrying of a weight of some sort poised on the head. The colored women of the southern states, who from childhood are accustomed to carry burdens in this manner, are models for sculptors in the carriage of head and neck —New York Dispatch.

Keeping Books on Small Accounts.

A bachelor's young nephews called on him a few days ago, and before the afternoon was over they had turned upside down everything that was in his rooms Among the things that were brought to light was an old voucher of a great railroad system for a refunded fare of 75 cents. The voucher was of the date of November, 1877 To see what would happen more than anything else the uncle promised to send the voucher along to the company, the aforesaid nephews to benefit by whatever money should come out of the voucher. Promptly there came back a courteous letter from the company, with a formidable looking check for 75 cents. Then the uncle felt ashamed of forcing the company to "keep books" on such a trivial account for several years. But he is also wondering how long that account would have been carried on the company's books if his nephews had not made a clean sweep of his rooms —New York Tribune

Booming a Cigar.

"Do you know how to boom a cigar?" asked the advertising man.

The other man confessed his ignorance.

"Well, I've taken hold of a new cigar with instructions to make it a 'go,' no matter what it costs. Here are a few of the schemes Of course I use the newspapers first and last, but I've got some other ideas. I've ordered some wooden cigars 6 feet long, which are to be carried through the streets. It takes two men to carry one cigar. Then I've sent out about 25,000 postal cards to men who smoke good cigars, and on each card it says, 'Present me at the nearest cigar store and get a —— cigar for 8 cents!' See? That postal card is good for 2 cents when applied on the purchase of one of our cigars There won't be many of them presented, but it will be a good 'ad,' and every man who gets one will be attracted by the novelty of the scheme Then I'm going to put music boxes in the cigar stores and have the music come out of little organ pipes made in the shape of our cigar and labeled. Every dealer in the city gets a blue print cartoon each morning to hang in his window. Mention of the cigar is the biggest part of the cartoon. I'll send private boxes of the cigars to club stewards and well known dealers. When I've done all that, I'll try something else."—Chicago Record.

Some Brief Epitaphs.

The following are among the brief and curious epitaphs seen in European cemeteries: At Worcester, England, the slab erected over a departed auctioneer is inscribed with a single word, "Gone." In Sussex the initials and date of the death of the deceased are followed by two words, "He was." On the monument of Charles the Great of Germany the brief inscription is "Carolo Magno." The most remarkable is at Cane Hill cemetery, Belfast, where the inscription says, "Left till called for."—St. Louis Republic.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F J Cheney & Co, Toledo, O contains no mercury, and is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J Cheney & Co, Testimonials free

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle

Board Wanted

For man wife and child Private family preferred "S," GAZETTE OFFICE

Furnished Room Wanted.

Gentleman and wife, who are strangers here, wish nicely furnished room in private family for a few months, with or without board, unexceptionable references given Address, "STRANGER," GAZETTE OFFICE

Furnished Rooms Wanted

For gentleman, wife and children until 1st of May Housekeeping or board—housekeeping preferred. Would take a small house Apply at GAZETTE OFFICE.

Boarders Wanted.

Ladies and gentlemen can have nicely furnished rooms and good board at reasonable prices Apply to 219 Jefferson Avenue

For Sale.

A few good parlor and bed-room Stoves, cheap Apply at the ARK, Mill Street

An old claw-foot sofa and high leg old mahogany sideboard—cheap Address, Box 145, Bristol, Pa

Notice.

I beg leave to notify my clients that I will be away from home from December 13, 1894, to January 17, 1895

My office will remain open as usual, and all business will receive attention

A WEIR GILKESON

Best cash prices paid for Dressed Poultry, either Dry Picked or Scalded delivered at Burlington Freight Depot, Tues, Wed and Thurs morning Address,

HERBERT ZELLY, Burlington, N J
Box 40 Residence, 308 Wood St

Keep your blood pure and healthy and you will not have rheumatism Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the blood vitality and richness.

Miss Katie Rosengrant
Ulster, Penn.

Scrofula

The Worst Case the Doctors Ever Saw

Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured

"C. I. Hood & Co, Lowell, Mass

"Dear Sirs —I wish to testify to the great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla For some time I had been troubled with scrofula, which early last winter assumed a very bad form

Sores Appeared on My Face

and hands and gradually increased in number until they reached to my shoulder The doctors said it was the worst case of scrofula they ever saw and also went so far as to say it was incurable I tried ointments and other remedies but to no avail A friend recommended Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla, and although I was completely discouraged as a last chance I resolved to give it a trial. After taking one bottle I noticed the sores

They Were All Healed.

I continued to take it however, until I had used nine bottles and now I am perfectly well." MISS KATIE ROSENGRANT, Ulster Penn

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action Sold by all druggists 25c.

C. Williamson,
PAPER HANGER,

Dealer in Wall Papers,——

——Cor Mill and Pond Streets
BRISTOL, PA

Agents Wanted

TO CANVASS for the sale of OUR HOME GROWN Nursery Stock Special terms Established 1846 **W & T SMITH & CO, the Geneva Nursery,** Geneva, N Y One of the Largest and Best Known Nurseries in the United States

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Miscellaneous

Wanted.

A resident Saleswoman of good address, push and ability, to canvass the Grocery trade of the town, introducing and exhibiting a popular, quick-selling article. Big commissions T will make you money Address, giving good references. 'HASTY LUNCH, P O Box 672, New York City '

AMERICAN SIX DOLLAR TYPEWRITER

is just the thing for business and professional men who have a few letters to write and want those letters to look well Doctors and lawyers especially, find it very handy Children easily and quickly learn to write on it

It will do just as good work as the $100 00 machines Of course it is not quite as fast It is simply constructed, easily learned easily operated

We'll send you a letter written on it—along with a special circular—if you'll send us your address

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Will be Re-opened——o
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Under care of Friends Opens 9th month 18th 1894 Full College Courses for young men and young women, leading to Classical Engineering, Scientific and Literary degrees Machine shops, laboratories and libraries For Catalogue and particulars address

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Auditor's Notice.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF BUCKS COUNTY

Estate of David P Everitt

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bucks county to distribute the balance of $2273 62 remaining in the hands of Jesse C Everitt, Administrator of David P Everitt deceased, hereby gives notice that he will meet all persons interested at his office in the Borough of Bristol on Monday January 28th, 1895, at ten o'clock, A M when and where they may attend if they see proper

A WEIR GILKESON, Auditor

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS IN THE COUNTY OF BUCKS

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to said Court on Monday, the fourteenth day of January A D 1895, at 10 o clock A M under the Incorporation Act of 1874 and the supplements thereto by Andrew Baner, Raymond F Buseman Gustav A Rathke, Ernest Anders and Albert F Youtter for the charter of an intended incorporation to be called The German Evangelical Church of Bristol, the character and object of which is the support of public worship according to the faith doctrine the discipline and usages of the Evangelical Lutheran Church as stated in the Symbolical Books and for this purpose to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements

GILKESON & WRIGHT, Solicitors.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 19th day January A D 1895 by William G Howell, Walter M Howell, William Griffith B N Phillips and William D Sinclair under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved the 29th day of April 1874 and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Provident Cannel Coal Company the character and object of which is the mining of Coal the manufacture thereof into its products and selling shipping and conveying the same to markets and for these purposes, or any or all of them, to have possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and all Acts supplemental thereto, or amendatory thereof.

GILKESON & WRIGHT, Solicitors

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF THE COUNTY OF BUCKS

TO MICHALL McLAUGHLIN OR HIS LEGAL REPRESENTATIVES

You will take notice that at a Court of Common Pleas held at Doylestown, in and for the County of Bucks, on the 13th day of November, 1894, the petition of Lewis H Fish was presented, setting forth that the said Michael McLaughlin had been the legal holder of a certain mortgage, given and executed by John Fish unto the said Michael McLaughlin to secure the sum of $546 00 with interest, bearing date the first day of April, A D 1878, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds, at Doylestown aforesaid, in Mortgage Book No 71, page 478, against three certain lots of land situate upon Spruce street in the Borough of Bristol, and two certain lots of land situate upon Buckley street in the Borough of Bristol, then owned by John Fish, and averring that the said mortgage and all interest thereon had been paid in full, as shown by receipts upon the said mortgage and upon the bond and warrant belonging thereto, and praying the Court to make an order to the end that the said mortgage may be satisfied of record by the Recorder of Deeds of Bucks county in accordance with the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided

Whereupon, so die, the Court ordered and directed the Sheriff of Bucks county to serve notice upon Michael McLaughlin, or his legal representatives, if to be found within the County of Bucks, and if not so found then to give public notice to the said Michael McLaughlin or his legal representatives, by advertisement for four successive weeks in the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE in accordance with the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided

You are therefore hereby notified to be and appear at a Court of Common Pleas to be holden at Doylestown in and for the County of Bucks, on Monday, the 14th day of January, 1895, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of the petition of the said Lewis H, Fish should not be granted ALONZO NICHOLAS,
A WEIR GILKESON, Sheriff
Pro Petitioner

Charles B. Keen & Co.
STOCK BROKERS,

36 S Third St, PHILADELPHIA

Established in 1852 Stocks and Bonds, bought, sold and carried on margin

Refer by permission to
J H Michener, Pres Band of North America
C H Banes Pres Market St National Bank
H M Dechert, Pres Commonwealth Trust Co

Special Xmas Offer
Plants in Bloom.

Geraniums, ... 10c each
Hyacinths, ... 15c each
Heliothrope, ... 15c each
Carnations, . . . 20 to 35c each
Rose Bushes, ... 25c each
Palms and Rubber Plants, 75c and up

CUT FLOWERS.

Single and Double Violets. Carnations, Hyacinths and Roses in Varieties.

Designs of Immortells for the cemetery, Mistleto, Holly and Laurel Wreathing and Crosses, etc, etc.

Churches will receive a special discount. Large stock of Xmas trees, all sizes. Fern dishes filled. Beautiful Jardineirs and Plants for same. My show of Roses and Carnations is well worth seeing.

J. T. DeWITT,
POND STREET,
Above Walnut

Wanamaker's. Wanamaker's.

Philadelphia, Monday, December 31, 1894

WELL UNDER WAY
Semi-Annual Muslin Underwear Sale

Great popular intelligence is the cause of the many hundred-fold growth of our Muslin Underwear sales

Keep the news clearly before you. Do not confuse facts, Associate thoughts of doubtful conditions with the places to which they belong.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR TRASH—Lots of it, but not here.
MUSLIN UNDERWEAR—OLD STOCK—Abundant, but not here.

Not wonderful that only here such low values for high qualities of Muslin Underwear can be named. Original methods, invented here, produce original results

Not old goods marked down. Not dregs of the market. Neither tolerated in this stock. But the assortment of well toward

Four Hundred Thousand Garments

of regularly made Muslin Underwear has been carefully gathered, and is offered at prices that make trash doubly extravagant, and old mark downs dear.

No point of excellence is sacrificed. Not a jot of waste retained. Not a cent of intervening profit allowed to agents or dealers.

Home sewing on Muslin Underwear is wasteful. The worry of personal cutting and fitting Muslin Underwear is reckless Helping you to avoid them are only incidental advantages.

Every Word Printed Here is a Thoughtful Word

and the whole statement is carefully made. It claims absolute confidence

FINE FURS

Think of a Fur stock as fresh as this year's chrysanthemums! Not a Collar, not a Muff, not a Cape, not a piece big or little that ever saw the Summer sunshine in a retail store.

That's the way we do the Fur business

Get for each season the new, fresh, stylish things made for that season.

No dried up skins in such a stock; no re-vamped, re-dyed, tail-of-the-procession styles, struggling to hide the wrinkles of age with a smirk.

Only the newest of the new and best of the best for us and not a vestige of the old-time 200 per-cent-profit prices clinging to them.

No necessity for them.

We treat Furs just as any other merchandise in the store is treated—get them for the least that taking the largest lots makes possible, add a little for our services and pass them along.

When the clear-the-table time comes around we do the clearing in the Wanamaker way.

That is here now.

Russian Lynx Capes, full sweep, broad collar. Newly made
At $6.50 each.
Russian Lynx Capes, extra full sweep
At $9 each.
English Seal Capes, extra full sweep, rich satin linings Value $25.
At $12 each.
Russian Marten Capes, choice linings. The $35 kinds are
At $15 each.

Moire Astrakhan Capes Have been counted bargains at $30
At $15 each.
Persian Broadtail Capes, choice linings Latest shapes
At $15 each
Black Australian Marten Capes, the new sweep Recently $45
At $25 each.
Persian Lamb Capes at less than the price of the skins
At $25 each
Moire Astrakhan Coats, 36 in deep, extra full skirts, latest shape and sleeves lined with satin Recent value $65, now
At $25 each.
So all through the stock.

Women's Wraps

No let up in the interest. Manufacturers who made for a market that failed them have helped us to put unheard of prices on every good grade of Coats and Capes. Five notes of the price scale.

At $7.50 each.
150 choice Chinchilla Coats, made in the very latest style, some finished with velvet edges, all satin lined Values up to $21

At $10 each.
About 50 choice Plush double Capes, richly lined with satin and trimmed with selected black Thibet. Shown elsewhere at $20

At $13 50 each.
About 75 rich Plush and Velour du Nord Capes embracing recent values up to $38

At $18 each.
Velvet Coats, 42 in, close fitting, trimmed with brown marten and jet. Recent value $65
Russian Coats, Velour du Nord, 38 in, close back, loose revere front, trimmed front and bottom with Siberian marten Recent value $58
Double-breasted full skirted Walking Coats, 42 in, Velour du Nord collar, reveres and front of Siberian marten Recent value $55
Close fitting Coats, 40 in., Velour du Nord, richly trimmed with brown marten Recent value $50

At $20 each.
About 40 handsome Velvet and Velour du Nord double Capes, handsomely trimmed with jet and passementerie Recent values up to $55.

JOHN WANAMAKER

Miscellaneous

HOLIDAY INFLUENCES

Have touched every stock in the store.

Nothing Lagging.
Nothing Limping.

Articles for
Xmas Presents.

GLANCE DOWN THE LIST.

Carpets,
Lace Curtains,
Rugs,
Carpet Sweepers,
Portieres,
Ladies' Coats,
Table Covers,
Blankets,
Dress Patterns,
Initial Handkerchiefs,
Embroidery Handkerchiefs,
Metal Pin Trays.
Cracker Jars,
Decorated Plates,
Japanese Goods,
Head Rests,
Sofa Cushions,
Pocketbooks,
Napkins,
Towels,
Table Linen,
Lunch Cloths,
Toilet Sets,
Shaving Sets,
Collar and Cuff Boxes,
Kid Gloves,
Silk Garters,
Perfumes and Extracts,
Metal Novelties
Tidies and Scarfs,
Umbrellas and Canes,
Ladies' and Gents' Overgaiters,
Leather Leggings.

J. Wesley Wright,
Next to Canal Bridge,
Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

Until Christmas will keep open to 10 P M

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.
At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, October 2d, 1894

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	$498,884 55
U S Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
U S Bonds on hand	6,000 00
Premiums on U S Bonds	787 50
Stocks, securities etc	55,588 53
Banking house furniture and fixtures	9 500 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	2 307 79
Due from approved reserve agents,	33,338 09
Checks and other cash items	2,144 86
Notes of other National Banks	294 00
Nickels and cents	98 04
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK viz Specie ... $36 240 00 Legal tender notes ... 28 760 00	65,000 00
Redemption fund with U S Treasurer, (5 per cent of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$715,803 36

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	$ 92 220 00
Surplus fund	120,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	15 776 56
National Bank notes outstanding	31,680 00
Due to other National Banks,	6,363 24
Due to State Bank and bankers,	478 90
Dividends unpaid	250 80
Individual deposits subject to check	449,034 86
	$715,803 36

State of Penna, County of Bucks, ss:
I, Charles E Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief

CHARLES E SCOTT, Cashier

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 5th day of October, 1894

W. H BOOZ, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest
BENJ J TAYLOR,
L A HOGUET, } Directors
EDWARD SWAIN,

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Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.
BRISTOL, PA, Nov 5, 1894

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT, payable on demand, clear of all taxes.
CHARLES E SCOTT, Cashier

Assignee's Notice
Assigned Estate of ENOCH M. ELDRIDGE, of Bristol Borough

The undersigned hereby gives notice that Enoch M Eldridge has made a general assignment to him for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

JOHN C. STUCKERT, Assignee

Miscellaneous

An Ordinance

Repealing an Ordinance entitled 'An Ordinance concerning erections extending into the footways of the streets of Bristol borough," enacted the Twenty seventh day of September, A D 1858

The Burgess and Council of the Borough Bristol do ordain

SECTION 1 That an ordinance entitled 'An Ordinance concerning erections extending into the footways of the streets of Bristol borough " enacted the 27th day of September A D 185, be and the same is hereby repealed

SEC 2 That whenever hereafter any building to which there may be attached a porch or other encroachment the erection hereof or set up and maintained under the authority of the aforesaid ordinance of September 27 1858 shall be torn down, that then and in such case any other encroachment or erection so pertaining thereto shall be removed at the same time as aforesaid.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 8th day of October 1894

THOMAS B HARKINS Burgess
Attest—J WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk

An Ordinance

Regulating the granting of permits for the erection or alteration of buildings in the Borough of Bristol

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain

SECTION 1 That from and after the passage of this ordinance it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, firm or corporation to erect construct or alter any store house factory dwelling house or any other building within the corporate limits of the Borough of Bristol without having first taken out a permit therefor as hereinafter provided

SEC 2 That whenever any person or persons, firm or corporation shall be desirous of erecting, constructing or altering any store house, factory, dwelling-house or any other building within the corporate limits aforesaid he or they shall first make application in writing to the Town Clerk for a permit for that purpose Said application shall be made out upon a printed form approved free of charge, and shall set forth the name of applicant whether owner or contractor, the location of the building proposed to be erected the name of the owner thereof, the dimensions and manner of construction of the same, or the nature of the proposed additions or alterations with the estimated cost of such new buildings. Said application shall also set forth the number of feet in the public street desired to be used for the temporary storage of building material and the length of time for which it is desired so to use such portion of the highway

SEC 3 That upon receipt of such application it shall be the duty of the Town Clerk to issue a permit as aforesaid, upon the payment of the following fees to wit

For each new building whereof cost of construction shall be one thousand (1 000) dollars or less three (3) dollars

For each new building costing over one thousand (1 000) dollars and not exceeding five thousand (5,000) dollars, six (6) dollars

For each new building costing five thousand (5 000) dollars and exceeding fifteen thousand (15,000) dollars ten (10) dollars

For each new building costing over fifteen thousand (15,000) dollars for each additional thousand dollars, fifty (50) cents

For alterations or additions where cost will not exceed one thousand (1,000) dollars two (2) dollars

For alterations or additions where cost exceeds one thousand (1000) dollars for each five hundred (500) dollars additional twenty five (25) cents

For use of street for depositing material 1 cent per week per lineal foot no permit to be issued for less space than five lineal feet or less sum than fifty (50) cents per week or fraction thereof PROVIDED, that no permit shall be issued for the use or occupancy of any street lane or alley for a longer period than four months at one time, and PROVIDED FURTHER that no permit for such use or occupancy shall be construed as to release from any loss or damage to which any owner or contractor may become liable on account of such use or occupancy as aforesaid by virtue of permits granted under the provisions of this ordinance

SEC 4 That any individual firm or corporation who shall erect construct alter or repair any dwelling house store house, factory or any other building within the limits of the Borough aforesaid, without having first taken out a permit as herein before provided shall forfeit and pay for the use of the Borough the sum of Fifty Dollars to be recovered as debts of like amount are now by law recoverable, together with costs of prosecution

SEC 5 That the space to be occupied in any public street lane or alley aforesaid for the temporary storage of building material shall not exceed in length the frontage of the premises about to be built upon or repaired and forty feet in addition thereto, the deposit of material shall not exceed eight feet in width and ten feet in height, and shall not extend more than one foot over the curbstone A gutterway shall be left along the curb twelve inches high with clean out holes 12x18 inches at least twenty feet apart A sufficient passage or cartway shall at all times be left unencumbered between such building material and the opposite curbstone for passage of vehicles, and no building material shall be placed within four feet of any fire plug or hydrant or stone crossing Should it be necessary to erect temporary scaffolding over any sidewalk such scaffolding may be put up under the direction of the Building Inspector, who shall see that it is made and maintained safe and so constructed as to allow a clear headway of not less than seven feet, and that it shall be built so as to give a clear width of not less than six feet on the side walk Any person, firm or corporation owner of premises under construction, alteration or repair failing to comply with the requirements of this section shall forfeit and pay for the use of the Borough, Ten Dollars for each day or fraction thereof during which such non compliance with said requirements shall continue, to be recovered as debts of like amount are now by law recoverable, with costs of prosecution

SEC 6 That it shall be the duty of persons owners or contractors placing building material or making any excavation upon, or across the cartway of any public highway in said Borough to place and keep thereon a lighted lantern of red glass from sunset to sunrise Where such obstruction or excavation shall exceed ten feet in length or breadth one such lantern shall be placed at each end thereof Any person neglecting or refusing to comply with this section shall for each offense forfeit and pay for the use of the Borough the sum of Five Dollars recoverable as debts of like amount are by law recoverable with costs of prosecution

SEC 7 That no permit shall be issued for the erection of any stable within fifty feet of the line of any street within the Borough aforesaid PROVIDED that upon corner properties, or upon properties adjoining a corner property, permits may be issued for the erection of stables within any distance from the side street upon a certificate signed by the Committee on Streets and Highways that application has been made to said Committee for the privilege and that the same has been approved by said Committee

SEC 8 That an ordinance entitled 'An Ordinance to regulate the granting of building permits in the Borough of Bristol, and fix the price of the same,' enacted 13th day of April A D 1874 as well as all other ordinances which in any manner conflict or are inconsistent with the provisions of the foregoing ordinance be and the same are hereby repealed

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 8th day of October, A D 1894

THOMAS B HARKINS, Burgess
Attest—J WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk

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Miscellaneous Miscellaneous

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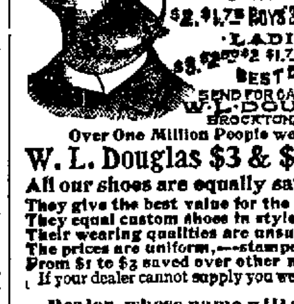

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LADIES'
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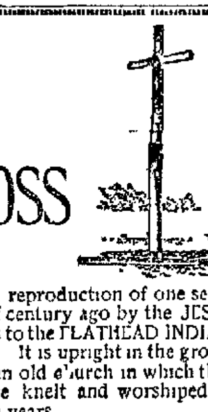

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Is the exact reproduction of one set up nearly a half century ago by the JESUIT Missionaries to the FLATHEAD INDIANS in Montana It is upright in the ground in front of an old church in which these Indians have knelt and worshiped for Lo, all these years

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Notice of Lost Certificate.

Notice is hereby given that a certificate for two shares of stock in the Bristol Water Company issued to Mary B Burton having been lost, application for the issue of a new certificate for the said stock has been made and that on and after four weeks from this date the said certificate will be void unless previously delivered to the undersigned and a new certificate will be issued in place thereof

ANTHONY BURTON, Administrator
Nov. 15, 1894

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Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.
Bristol, Pa, Dec 5th, 1894

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKholders of this bank, for the election of Directors and other business will be held at the Banking House on Tuesday, January 8th 1895, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A M, and 12 o'clock, noon

12-6-4t CHARLES E SCOTT, Cashier

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EPPS'S
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The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1895.

A DAY OF BEAUTY.

The day is beautiful to me. And why?
Because gold sunshine streams across the lea?
Because there is June's glory in the sky?
That is not why 'tis beautiful to me!
The green of the lily and the rose
To me is a newer charm when you are near
The azure of the skies, 'mid drifting snows,
Less brilliant is than your sweet eyes appear.
The day is beautiful, and my heart knows
It is because you are beside me, dear.
--Dexter Smith in Detroit Free Press.

IN THE KABYLE SILO.

"Take only three men with you, Lieutenant, and find out where those sneaking scoundrels are hiding. If they discover your party, mind you, I want no skirmishing. Retreat immediately by Brody-Arbi and join us round the Goron pass. I don't want them to suspect I am here looking for them."

And muttering curses on the Kabyle devils, who had just raided and killed a small settlement of peaceful French "colons," our old colonel entered his "gourbi" to await news from the different reconnoitering parties scouring the surrounding country for the wild marauders. A few minutes later I was cantering westward with my men toward the Three Wells in the foothills, where it was thought the plundering Kabyles might be hiding. We traveled all the forenoon at a lively gait, dismounted and began picking our way more slowly, availing ourselves of the scanty cover the stunted bushes afforded. The sun was still high over the hills when we arrived at Brody-Arbi, an old dismantled building, long abandoned now, and which had been a military post for one of the Bureaux Arabes many years ago. It was at the juncture of two mountain passes, the Goron pass going north over the low foothills, and Zuatchs pass, really a valley, running up between two spurs of the Atlas frowning down upon us.

I now stopped my men and repeated to them the colonel's orders. I told them if we were discovered or attacked to retreat north immediately, each one for himself and without a moment's hesitation, through the Goron pass and then go back to the squadron by any of the numerous trails going east, thus describing a half circle to mislead the Arabs and conceal the whereabouts of our advancing troops.

Having done this, I told them to scatter on the sloping sides of the Zuatchs pass, taking great care not to be discovered, and to meet me in a clump of cork oaks at the foot of the steep path leading up to the Three Wells at the head of the valley.

We then dispersed, each one as he advanced cautiously peering from behind rock or bowlder for traces of the ever vigilant Kabyles.

It was about half an hour before sundown when we met below the wells. Mohammed ben Akbar, the native "spahis" sergeant, reported first fresh traces of horses going up the valley and some date stones still humid on the east side of a bowlder. This was proof that an Arab had made there a very recent meal, as they would have dried in the sun, the shadow of the rock not having reached the place where they were thrown more than an hour before our passage. Ali, my orderly, and his other comrade had, like myself, only found traces of horses at the foot of the path by the clump of oaks where we now stood. As I have said, this path rose from here abruptly for about 70 feet to a platform just above our heads, where a few palm trees and a denser growth formed a kind of grove around three basins of muddy water called the Three Wells. The passing Kabyles sometimes halted in this secluded spot and even camped by an old "marabout" near the unfrequented water holes. This was the place where we hoped to locate the wily rabbles, as they considered themselves perfectly secure here from all pursuit or approach. We accordingly tied up our horses in the thickest part of the oak grove after having put our burnooses (cloaks) round our swords, strapped to the saddles, to prevent their rattling. The men, at Mohammed's suggestion, each took off a sabor strap and tied it tightly round their horses' tongues, twisting it like a tourniquet and securing it with the curb chain. This is an Arab trick to prevent horses neighing when it is imperative they should not be discovered.

As my sword was slung to the saddle in a fixed bout without straps, I took off my revolver thong and used it as the men had done with their "bolove straps," leaving thus my revolver loose in the holster at my belt. We then glided away in silence, creeping up the steep banks with infinite precautions, knowing well that detection meant death to us all. I found it very hard work climbing up through the bushes and prickly pears, stopping at each step with every nerve strained and veins throbbing seemingly to my ear. Finally I reached the plateau and began crawling cautiously toward the pools. I was brought to a standstill by an open space littered with dry branches.

My attention was now strained to the utmost, for I could now discern a column of smoke rising in the trees on the other side only a few hundred feet away. Skirting the clearing, I worked half way round it through the bushes and stopped a moment on the other side under a thick arbutus. I was just preparing to head straight for the concealed camp when a shout, caught up by a host of others, and several shots in quick succession showed we had been discovered. The noise of a rapidly advancing crowd told me that flight to the horses was my only chance if I could reach them before being cut off. I dashed wildly across the open glen, lifting the flap of my revolver holster at my side as I ran. Only 90 feet more, and I am under shelter of the oaks. But with a plunge and a sickening sensation all becomes dark, and life seems utterly blotted out by the shock of a mighty thunderclap.

It is incredible the thoughts that pass through a human brain and are pictured there as in a kaleidoscope in that infinitesimal time the soul takes to free itself in its flight from the earthly clay.

My mother's loved face, with its snowy hair and dark, lustrous eyes, showing in their tenderness all the love a mother's heart alone can know for her only son, looked at me from the darkness. Another face, younger and fairer, but with the soroness of death upon its clear cut features, also flashed before me—the face of a departed loved one.

Thoughts of the past and recollections of vanished hopes—my life and all its regrets, joys, sorrows, sins and blessings—all passed in one brief moment and faded into darkness.

* * * * * * *

How many hours I lay unconscious I will never know. In front of me as I opened my eyes was a curious, irregular square of steely gray, with bright specks like tinsel shining brightly. I watched them long without another thought in my numbed brain before, very slowly, I wondered what they were. Gradually I began to feel sensations awakening different parts of my body.

It seemed the cold numbness of death creeping over me, but not the same everywhere. Some parts still tingled a little, but the rest felt quite dead and insensible. Suddenly a burning pain shot through my right arm and ankle, growing, growing till they seemed on fire. With a quiver the pain made me move and brought my mind and body as out of a trance, and I realized I was alive and stretched on my back. Where was I? What had happened to me? All was a blank. My whole body was chilled by the cold floor where I lay, with the exception of my right arm and ankle, which ached and throbbed with a galling, fiery pain. I tried, but unsuccessfully, to solve the mystery of my whereabouts. I could recall my mission, our discovery by the Arabs, my flight across the open, but nothing beyond save that sickening sensation of being hurled into oblivion and life leaving me as if by the shock of a mighty thunderclap.

I was trying to force my memory to action when suddenly a shower of twigs and gravel fell on my feet, and the square panels of steely blue with the ragged edges were partially obscured by something.

When I opened my eyes to consciousness a second time, the tinsel was still twinkling in the square of grayish blue. But no outline of massive head and shaggy mane showed between that patch of God's starry heavens and the poor wretch entombed in the Kabyle silo.

Shuddering, I realized the fate that awaited me. Many a story had I heard by our campfire of skeletons and corpses found in these silos, showing yet in their grim stillness what their lingering tortures had been in the awful death struggle. Without outside aid escape is impossible from these conical chambers dug in the earth or hewn in the porous rock or limestone. Those Kabyle silos, used by them to store their grain, have but one entrance a few feet square at the top and gradually widen out to about 25 feet square at the bottom at a depth of 15 or 20 feet. Here was I condemned to die in the agonies of thirst and starvation. My men, if alive, had gone to camp, thinking me killed. The Kabyles, finding themselves discovered, had certainly retreated into their mountain fastnesses, where they knew pursuit to be impossible, and there was very little chance of an old African warrior like our colonel sending troops over ground just covered, for the Arab never stands to show fight, but vanishes as if carried off by the wind of the simoom.

Hark! What was that? A heavy sigh comes from behind me. I start and try to rise, but my right leg, broken at the ankle, pins me to the ground. I endeavor to turn on my hands, but my right arm, also fractured at the wrist, hangs helpless [illegible] left hand, and strain my eyes in the dark toward the sound. Who is it? Is he friend or foe? There he is. I hear him. He moves stealthily around. His tread is nearly noiseless. He is barefooted. It is a Kabyle then. God protect me, for a Kabyle never relents, and, dying, will fight to the last breath. The "Frankish dogs" Mohammed has commanded him never to spare. He moves around me. He wants to attack me from behind. But I can still shoot with my left hand. My revolver—it's gone! Then truly I am at his mercy. There he is again behind me. He shall not strike me in the back. I will crawl to the wall, and when he attacks me receive death in front, like a soldier. Where is he now? I do not hear him. There he is again. I see him. His eyes gleam, and he is crawling toward me. He stops. Does he think me armed? Yet he would not let himself be heard if he thought so. He has gone again into the darkness. There he is again. I hear him on my right. There are his eyes again. This time he is coming. Perhaps he also is unarmed. Can I grapple with him? But with only one arm! If I can clutch his throat, it is my only chance. He is gone again. There he is on my left. Now he moves more swiftly. Is he going to rush at me? He is still again. There are his eyes. Why does he not come? No, he knows my agony and revels in his hideous vengeance.

He will not spare me a moment's torture, but gloats over the sufferings of the Christian dog. Spare me? No. An Arab fanatic will never do that. Have I not seen them, dying, crawl like snakes in their death struggles to fasten their teeth in our disabled soldiers' throats? For has not Mohammed said in the Koran, "Each Christian dog killed is a stepping stone to Allah's paradise, where the divine houris will surround the brave with eternal bliss and fidelity?"

Reliefs? No. He will never do that. My death is a good work and my life a crime to him. Will he let me die thus of hunger and thirst and feast at the sight of my death throes? No, for the Koran says I must kill me. When will he come? There he moves again swiftly. He is nearer than before. He is gone again. How can I bear this? He looks at me. Gone again. When will he come and end this suspense? Why does he not come now? Will he never come? He must come. I cannot bear this awful torture. I cannot go to him, or I would. It would be sooner over. O God, be merciful and send death quickly to me. I am becoming mad. My God, will death never come?

But God in his mercy had not decreed that I should die then, and the terrible night dragged on slowly as eternity. The starry sky became paler with returning dawn, and a space grew lighter in the center of the silo chamber, leaving the walls in as impenetrable a gloom as before. The physical suffering and prolonged nervous strain may have unbalanced my mind then, for in a moment of crazy desperation I hurled one of my large military spurs in the corner where I could hear the Arab breathe. The spur hit the rocky wall with a clear ring, and at the same time with a bound across the lighted space in the center of the silo a large mountain hyena passed with a snarl. I have heard heartrending screams, but the maniac's laugh which the crisis of overtaxed nerves made me then utter uncontrollably before I swooned again still haunts my ear.

The rest is soon told. The next day half the squadron arrived at the wells. Ali, my orderly, going over the ground we had covered, found the carcass of my horse half devoured at the foot of the tree where I had tied him. He followed the lion's trail from there past the mouth of the silo. My revolver was lying on the edge, where it had fallen as I stumbled over the dry branches covering the aperture. As he stooped to pick it up he recognized my voice coming from under ground, laughing and talking like a maniac.

Ali was quickly lowered with the long sashes of his comrades and soon brought me back raving and unconscious. It was many days before the delirium caused by the long sufferings of my imprisonment left me and many months before I recovered from the fractures and nervous prostration caused by my fall into the Kabyle silo.—San Francisco Examiner.

He Got Half the Fine.

A man who had been on a hunting trip in the forests of northern Maine vouches for the entire truth of the following story, as he had it direct from the sheriff:

A man who lives in the Mount Katahdin region went into the office of a justice of the peace and inquired about the penalty for hunting deer with dogs, and very particularly as to whether one-half the fine did not go to the informer.

The justice consulted the game laws and assured him that it did.

"Very well," said the man. "I want to complain of myself and settle."

The justice could not back out, and so gave the transgressor "a clean bill of health" upon payment of one-half of the penalty.

It seems that the man got wind of the fact that a game warden had got the "drop" on him on his deer poachings with his dogs and was only waiting an opportunity to arrest him; hence his shrewd bit of diplomacy.—Portland (Me.) Argus.

Street Car Discipline.

The street car companies, like other concerns employing large numbers of men, have a system of rewards and punishment corresponding to those of the schoolroom. If a conductor keeps his record clear, he is moved forward in the list toward a job with better pay as fast as men ahead of him either resign or are discharged. If, however, after having been set forward 20 times, he comes to the barn a half minute behind the time fixed for taking out his car, he goes back to the foot of the list. If he is sick, he must send a man to sign him off, and if this man is a half minute late the consequences are equally severe. —Chicago Tribune.

Injured In the Accident.

Sufferer—I suppose we shall sue the railway company for about $3,000 damages.

Lawyer—Three thousand dollars damages! Nonsense! Thirteen thousand at the very lowest, man!

Sufferer (surprised)—Why, I think I should be quite content if I got $8,000 damages.

Lawyer—Yes, probably you would, but I want at least $10,000 for myself.—Somerville Journal.

HE FOOLS THE CONFIDENCE MAN.

How a Guileless Looking Traveling Man Hoodwinks Bunko Steerers.

There is a growing fashion among traveling men to attach to their satchels and valises those well known little straps fastening to the handle of the baggage a small leather tag, into which is slipped a card bearing the owner's name. As a traveler walks along the street carrying his baggage thus tagged it is often easy to read his name by walking a moment at his side and glancing at the tag.

The confidence men and bunko steerers have not been slow to discover that fact, and they not infrequently in this way learn the actual name of their intended victim without the assistance of the usual confederate, whose business it is to learn the victim's name and place of residence.

I have a friend who travels a great deal, but whose appearance of guileless and childlike innocence attracts the bunko man as sugar attracts flies. He has become accustomed to them now. They never dupe him, but their attentions sometimes annoy him.

He drifted into the city again not long ago, and as he laid his satchel upon the hotel desk I was surprised to see that it bore one of the little leather tags containing the card of "Mr. Jabez L. Simonds." Now, Jabez L. Simonds was not my friend's name, and I laughingly said to him: "What's this mean? I'll bet you've swapped baggage on the train and have got some other fellow's satchel."

My friend smiled, winked slyly at the hotel clerk and said mysteriously: "No, I haven't. That's my satchel, but it isn't my name. Come outside with me after awhile, and I'll show you how it works if we have my usual luck."

We went accordingly, and my friend [illegible] We had not walked three blocks from the Grand Union hotel when a dapper little fellow came up behind us. I didn't notice that he even glanced at that satchel, but he must have done so, of course. He walked up briskly, as though to pass us; then turning, with a well feigned look of recognition, he held out his hand, effusively greeted my friend as Mr. Simonds, and was starting in on the same old bunko formula when my friend nudged me and interrupted him:

"Glad to see you, Johnnie," he said. "My name isn't Jabez L. Simonds, and I'm not so green as I look. I just keep that tag on my baggage for the sake of chaps of your kind who are so fond of recognizing old friends. Good day, Johnnie. Hope you're not offended."

"I like to to do it," he explained to me as we started back toward the hotel. "It's just a fad of mine."—New York Herald.

Temptation.

"I shall never," says a New York woman active in philanthropic work, "carry my pocketbook in my hands in the street again. A recent experience has showed me its danger to others besides myself. I have been interested lately in a young man, a typical growth of the tenements, and have been trying to encourage him to lead a better life, with, I hope, some degree of success. A few days ago I met him on the street and stopped to ask how he was prospering. In my hand at the time I was holding my pocketbook, and from the moment that we met I saw his eyes fastened on that with a wolfish look that made me tremble. I did not dare put it in my pocket lest he should discover my distrust, and yet I felt that it was cruel to stand there with it flaunted in the face of his desperation. The interview was most trying. I asked him a few questions, to which he scarcely replied, so fascinated was he with the sight of the purse, and as soon as I could with ease I bade him goodby and walked on. As I did so he raised his eyes to mine with a conscious, hunted, yet baffled look, that told me as plainly as if he had said it that were I not I the result would have been different. When I turned the corner and was out of his sight, I stopped, weak and faint, to recover myself, and put that purse in my pocket with the vow that it or any other in my hands should never again offer temptation to a fellow creature."—New York Times.

JUST LIKE A MAN.

And It Cost Him a Sealskin Cloak to Patch Up a Peace.

This is the sad story of two absentminded men. One of them told it last night with tears in his voice.

"Jonnie Allen," he said, "was one of my wife's girlhood friends. Her father is a rich man who lives in central Illinois.

"When we came back to Chicago to live, my wife had not seen Miss Allen for three years. One day I went down to Mr. Allen's home to see him on business. After we had talked that over Mr. Allen asked me if I knew that his daughter was married. Naturally I was surprised.

"'Jennie has been married more than a year,' she said, 'and she is living in Normal Park, just outside of Chicago, you know. Tell your wife to go out and call on her.'

"I told him my wife would be delighted and came on back to Chicago. When I got back home that night, I told my wife about it, and she smiled.

"'So Jennie Allen is married, is she? She lives out at Normal Park, and I'm to go out and call on her, am I? Of course, you brainy man, you did not remember to get the present name of the Miss Allen who was?'

"Well, I hadn't thought of asking whom Miss Allen married, and I wrote to her father in a day or two, telling him that my wife found his direction rather indefinite and asking him for further particulars.

"His answer came by return mail. 'It is easy enough to find,' he wrote. 'Their house is only two blocks from the depot at Normal Park, and everybody who lives there can point it out. Do tell your wife to call as soon as she can, for Jennie is the mother of a little boy, and she is simply dying, she writes me, to see her old friend.'

"I took that letter home and handed it in triumph to my wife. 'I guess that will settle your difficulties,' I ventured to remark.

"She read it through in silence. Then a superior, pitying sort of smile gathered about her lips.

"'Oh, Jennie's house is only two blocks from the depot, is it? Anybody can point it out to me, can they? All I've got to do is to go out there and ask the first man I meet, is it? Well, will you be kind enough to tell me whose house I am to ask for when I get off the train at Normal Park? Shall I ask for the house of the husband of Jennie Allen, or what shall I do?'

"I called a messenger boy and sent this telegram:

"'James Allen, Woodville, Ills.: What is the full name and address of your daughter's husband?'

"One hour later the answer came. I finally succeeded in making peace in the family, but it took a sealskin cloak to do it."—Chicago Mail.

Howells on Dante.

Again I say it is a great pity that criticism is not honest about the masterpieces of literature and does not confess that they are not every moment masterly; that they are often dull and tough and dry, as is certainly the case with Dante's, writes William Dean Howells in The Ladies' Home Journal. Some day perhaps we shall have this way of stating literature, and the lover of it will not feel obliged to cheat himself into the belief that if he is not always enjoying himself it is his own fault. At any rate, I will permit myself the luxury of frankly saying that while I had a deep sense of the majesty and grandeur of Dante's design many points of its execution bored me, and that the intermixture of small local facts and neighborhood history in the fabric of his lofty creation is no part of its noblest effect. What is marvelous in it is its expression of Dante's personality, and I can never think that his personalities enhance its greatness as a work of art. I enjoyed them, however, and I enjoyed them the more as the innumerable perspectives of Italian history began to open all about me. Then indeed I understood the origins if I did not understand the aims of Dante.

TORTURED THIRTY YEARS.

His Sufferings Ended After Using Munyon's Rheumatism Cure.

Mr. George Smith, of Tacony, Pa., says: "I suffered from rheumatism for 30 years, and had so many severe attacks that some of my joints were twisted out of shape. At times I suffered terrible pain, and, although I tried many remedies, I never obtained any permanent relief until I procured Munyon's Rheumatism Cure. The action of this remedy was wonderfully quick, and, although I have only taken a small bottle, I consider myself permanently cured."

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure is guaranteed to cure rheumatism in any part of the body. Acute or muscular rheumatism cured in from one to five days. It never fails to cure sharp shooting pains in the arms, legs, sides, back or breast, or soreness in any part of the body in from one to three hours. It is guaranteed to promptly cure lameness, stiff and swollen joints, stiff back, and all pains in the hips and loins. Chronic rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago or pain in the back are speedily cured.

Munyon's Homeopathic Home Remedy Company, of Philadelphia, put up specifics for nearly every disease, which are sold by all druggists, mostly for 25 cents a bottle.

THE FAT WOMAN'S REVENGE.

Her Victim Did Not Get a Chance to Greet His Friends.

Apropos of the theater, I saw something one other night within the last seven that filled me with a totally unholy glee. A woman sat in front of me. She was decidedly plump. In fact, she was what Illinois people call corn fed. She was barely begun also discovered, before the stand up and let a man who sat near her pass out. It was a tight squeeze every time, and as the man did not say, "Pardon me!" or "Beg your leave!" or anything else to show the faith that was in him I could see the tide of that fat woman's wrath rise till its crimson edge made the straggling fringe below her back hair bristle indignantly.

At last the play was over, and the man wanted to rush out to join two women friends—undoubtedly he'd have called them "lady friends"—whom he had noticed near. But did he rush? Well, if he did, his rush wasn't visible to the naked eye. That fat woman sat down and put on her rubbers. Then she replaced her gloves, which she had taken off. Then she stood up, blocking the passage, while she put on her hat, adjusted her veil and buttoned her cloak. And all the while the man was dancing with impatience, unable to get out, and the "two lady friends" were passing out the door. At last the fat woman moved, and the man—well, inasmuch as nothing so much angers a man as a punishment he knows he deserves, you can imagine how he looked. For my part, I thought it was delightful, and ever I meet that fat woman I mean to be her so.—Washington Post.

The Boy's Explanation.

It was a Buffalo small boy who came home from one of our model schools and was asked by his father how he was coming on. "Well," said the candid child, "Jimmy —— has got ahead of me in the class." "Dear, dear," said the father, "and how does that happen?" "Oh, you know his parents are very bright!"—Buffalo Commercial.

Brooklyn was named by the Dutch from a small village near Amsterdam named Breucklen. The name is found in the city archives spelled Berquackelen, Breucklen, Breucklyn, Brouckelyn, Breuklyn, Brocklaud, Brucklynd and finally Brooklyn.

"Nothing venture nothing have."

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mon., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement. "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Helena, Mon.

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The Ways and Means Committee.

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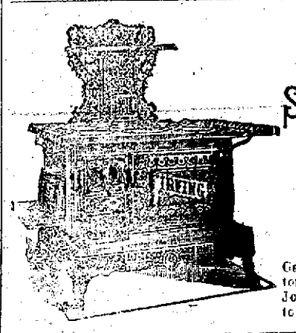

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THE DOWNTRODDEN.

NEW YORK HEIRESSES WHO HOLD SOCIALISTIC OPINIONS.

A Radical Coterie of Millionaires' Daughters—They Object to the Unequal Division of Wealth—Mild American Editions of "Marcella."

Plutocratic heiresses like Gertrude Vanderbilt, daughter of Cornelius; Pauline Whitney, whose father is William C.; Edith Shepard, Orme Wilson and four or five other girls, whose families are enormously wealthy, do not believe in the rights of property. On the contrary, they are very radical young ladies and have come to the conclusion that this social system of ours is all wrong. They have recently formed an organization for the purpose of passing resolutions to that effect.

These heiresses style themselves the "Downtrodden." They have an official organized existence and meet regularly for general debate and discussion, which, at times, takes a decidedly inflammatory tone. Were these young ladies to express some of their opinions in certain public purlieus they would be in danger of punishment as anarchists.

The trend of thought among the younger element of what is known as the Four Hundred is pronouncedly socialistic. It is no uncommon thing to hear such well becashed misses as Miss Vanderbilt and Miss Whitney denounce the unequal distribution of wealth with all the fervor of youth, if not of logic. All the Vanderbilt young ladies, for that matter, are markedly radical and go in for all manner of unconventional opinions. Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, for instance, thinks there should be no prisons. Human beings ought to be brought out of their evil ways by kindness and love. Miss Pauline Whitney is an ardent advocate of woman suffrage. Miss Edith Shepard thinks there should be a law against people having so much money while others have next to none at all. All agree that the income tax is a very good thing indeed.

It was only natural perhaps that, finding themselves in such thorough accord, these young misses should unite on general principles.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt is probably the leader among her young friends. Ever since she began to think for herself this fair girl has manifested a decidedly original turn of mind. She is well acquainted with the literature of socialism, and her views of the rights of property and aggregated wealth are as advanced as views could well be. Her papa hardly knows what to make of these tendencies. Nor do the young companions of Miss Gertrude allow her to outdo them in radical notions. A meeting of the "Downtrodden" is something simply awful. The whole organization has long ago reached the conclusion that the conditions of civilization have no ethical sanction. The members have another grievance in the costume of femininity. Women should clothe themselves after the fashion of the ancient Greeks. Miss Whitney made the address on this subject at the last meeting.

The "Downtrodden" do not limit their activity to talk. They make it a rule to go about among their fellow creatures who, like themselves, are overwhelmed by misfortune. One campaign will be in the interest of the flower girls. They gave a dinner to a number of them. They also read to the sick in hospitals. Another good work is the investigation of special cases of misery and the preparation of reports to be read at the meetings. Minutes are kept in rigid exactness. When the Sloane girls went into Salvation Army work, they were acting under orders from the "Downtrodden." What they see and hear is duly written up for their meetings.

Naturally the young ladies have come to be recognized as specialists in certain fields of investigation. Accordingly we have Miss Whitney an authority on the land question. This young lady thinks all the men in the country should be made to spend two years farming, on the same principle as in foreign countries they put in the same period as soldiers. This would not only enlarge the range of their ideas, but bring them in close touch with nature and add to their healthfulness. It would also tend to relieve the congestion of municipal populations, besides subserving a variety of other useful purposes, all of which Miss Whitney elucidates with skill and gracefulness. Miss Orme Wilson has a theory about animals. Horses in her opinion are unnecessarily ill used, and they should not be continually hauling heavy wagons about the streets. And so on through all the members of the little group.

The "Downtrodden" are a very close corporation. They do not admit any Tom, Dick or Harry, or rather any Jane, Mary or Ann, who comes along. Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt was refused membership because she is too conservative. The young lady is not in favor of woman suffrage.

The "Downtrodden" meet every month at the houses of those whom convention still obliges them to allude to as their parents. Amid almost oriental luxury they denounce the accumulations of wealth that today makes the contrast between rich and poor so pitifully sharp. These young ladies have helped many people who would certainly be astonished could they know the source of their windfalls.

What the parents of the young ladies think of all these doings may probably best be surmised. Bishop Potter, who knows all the girls quite well, does not think favorably of all their opinions, and it is whispered that he had them in his mind when he recently told his clergy to beware of the spread of exaggerated thinking among the majority of the youthful portion of their flocks. The mammas and papas have so far been indulgent because young people are notoriously hot headed and prone to vex themselves about the universe, man's destiny, the telos of creation, and the like, and to go to bed very miserable over those subjects. At any rate, the existence of the "Downtrodden" is a most unique fact in the cosmopolitan vortex that now styles itself the American aristocracy.—Boston Herald.

Thought the Skeleton Incomplete.

A colored clergyman from the south, who was in Portland, visited the Portland Medical college. He was a very neatly attired, affable young preacher, but his researches had evidently not related in any way to the makeup of the human body. Some of the younger "medics" showed him about the building and explained the various specimens on exhibition in the museum. The human skeleton was what he marveled at the most. "It was never my pleasure to see a real skeleton before," said he as he paused in front of one that was suspended so as to facilitate easy inspection. He looked long and earnestly at it, viewed it from all sides; then suddenly his face took on an expression of surprise as he asked, "Why, where are his ears?"—Lewiston Journal.

Photographing Unseen Stars.

One of the most popular and eminent lecturers on astronomy is Sir Robert Ball, who uses simple and graphic illustrations to give his hearers ideas of magnitude and distance. For instance, he says that going at the rate of the electric telegraph—that is, 186,000 miles a second—it would take 78 years to telegraph a message to the most distant telescopic stars, but the camera has revealed stars far more distant than these, some of which, if a message had been sent in the year A. D. 1—that is to say, 1,894 years ago—the message would only just have reached some of them and would be still on the way to others, going at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

An Editor's Wail.

If anybody thinks it is just fun and nothing else to run even so small a paper as this, let him come and buy us out. This paper began without assets and has nearly held her own. If the goodly number who promised to pay for their paper would only do so, we could pay what we owe and have enough left to go fishing. Alas, we believe that the fish are perfectly safe if we wait until that time!—Red Wing (Minn.) Methodist.

PROGRESS OF PARIS.

It Is Ancient In Years and Essentially Modern In Development.

Although some cities in Italy present more vivid and fascinating periods of examples, there is perhaps no other city in Europe where the continuity of modern civilization for at least seven centuries can be traced so fully in its visible record. From the time of Louis the Stout, A. D. 1108, Paris has been the rich and powerful metropolis of a rich and enlarging state, and from that day to this there is hardly a single decade which has not left some fragment or other of its work for our eyes.

The history of each of its great foundations, civil and ecclesiastical, would fill a volume, and indeed almost every one of them has had many volumes devoted to its gradual development or final disappearance and transformation to modern uses.

The history of the Cathedral of Notre Dame from the laying of the first stone by Pope Alexander III in the age of our Henry II and Becket down to the final "restoration" by M. Viollet le Duc and the history of all its annexes and dependences, Archeveche, Hotel Dieu, together with an exact account of all its carvings, glass, reliefs, etc., would be a history of art itself. The same would be true if one followed out the history of the foundations of St. Germain des Pres, of St. Victor, of St. Martin des Champs, of the Temple and of St. Genevieve.

Two or three of these enormous domains would together occupy a space equal to the whole area of the original site. They contained magnificent churches, halls, libraries, refectories and other buildings and down to the last century were more or less in a state of fair preservation or active existence. Of them all it seems that St. Victor, on the site of the Halle aux Vins, and the Temple, on the site of the square of that name, have entirely disappeared. But of the others [illegible] great abbeys and 20 minor convents which Paris still had at the revolution, none remains complete, and the great majority have left nothing but names to the new streets.—Fortnightly Review.

WILD BILL A SOLID MAN.

The Body of the Famous Desperado Turned to Stone Long Ago.

The climate of Colorado is so exceedingly dry in the greater portion of the state that ordinary objects, such as potatoes, vegetables of various sorts and even small animals, petrify when covered with sand. A considerable source of revenue to the guides and vendors in the Grand canyon and other famous resorts is the sale of petrified wood and other material to tourists. Human bodies have been known to undergo the petrifying process in numerous instances.

The body of Wild Bill, the famous desperado, is today solid stone. He was buried in a sandy country near Telluride, and about four years ago his friends decided to put up a monument to his memory. They went out to his grave, which is in the open prairie, and one of the party, an old scout, was taken along to exactly locate where he was buried. The sand had shifted and blown in great heaps, as it does all though that country, and the scout had a good deal of difficulty in absolutely locating the spot. Finally he struck a mound that he said had Wild Bill under it.

Owing to the uncertainty of the situation and his hesitancy, the party decided to dig down and see whether he was right. They didn't want to put a monument over a sand heap unless it had Wild Bill under it. So they dug down. Presently the spade ran into a rock—a scarce thing in that country. They shoveled all around it and soon revealed the petrified image of Wild Bill as perfect as the day he died, with not a trace of decomposition. Even the clothes and shoes were turned to stone.

Some of the party wanted to take the body up for purposes of exhibition. But one of Bill's old pals—Shorty Jake, as he was called—remarked that the first man who tried to do so would find a bed in the hole that Bill filled. So the idea was abandoned. But if some adventurous museum man wants the greatest drawing card on earth he can find it under Wild Bill's tombstone.—Washington Post.

Catching the Dragon Fly.

"One of the greatest amusements for the children of Japan is catching the dragon fly," said Dr. W. F. Taylor of Boston, who has spent several years in Japan. "Japan is a land of children, and thousands of them literally put in several weeks every autumn in capturing dragon flies and tying kites to them for the fun of seeing them fly. Soon after the turn of the sun in the afternoon hundreds and thousands of huge dragon flies busy themselves flying over the ricefields and gardens, catching insects and gnats.

"The Japanese boys carefully saturate the end of a bamboo with tar and start out for the fun. They first hold the bamboo up to attract the unsuspecting dragons to take a rest. In a moment the boy gives the bamboo a twist and puts the tar end into so many motions that it is almost impossible for the creature to avoid it. The boys are so expert at the business that I have seen them chase a fly that had got much ahead of them and succeed in sticking the dragon fly to the reed. When once on the tar end of the pole, there is a miserable future for the captives. They are tied together and carried around in the chase. Then a string is tied to each one, and a small piece of paper, serving as a kite, which the poor flies are required to sail. They fly away, but of course soon get caught into a tree or brush and die of starvation."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

People Who Attract Animals.

I firmly believe that it is given to some few human beings to understand the feelings and instincts of animals, and I am as firmly convinced that I am one of them. If I am in a crowd of people and a dog or cat is near, it will come naturally to me without making the slightest movement. Why this is the case I cannot say unless I admit that there is developed in me another sense whose existence animals at once perceive. But there is the fact. If you don't admit my explanation, you must deny the existence of what is as evident as the light from the sun.—Sarah Bernhardt in Interview in Westminster Budget.

Scott's One Play.

Sir Walter Scott wrote one play of which even scholars know nothing. It was entitled "The House of Aspen," and although a good acting play he had such a horror of having his name associated with the stage that he would not have the play published nor permit it to be played.—Exchange.

Why He Wanted It.

"Why is Smith always singing 'Give Me the Old Time Religion?'"

"Didn't take up any collection in those days."—Atlanta Constitution.

Town and Country Air.

Country air of the purest kind can no more insure extreme old age than London's somewhat polluted atmosphere can deter a man from living to a hundred. Mary Burke, at 105, found Drury Lane perfectly suited to her lungs. Charles Macklin, the actor, who died in 1799 at 106, was in the same case. He enjoyed the theater at that age and every evening breathed the hot, beery air of a tavern in Duke's court.

In marked contrast to Parr, Macklin was neither methodical in his habits nor a lover of milk. He drank ale, porter or wine thickened with sugar; ate spoon meats and fish and followed his own whim as to the hours at which he fed and slept. It appears, therefore, tolerably certain that rules for longevity are as futile as the maxims by which aspiring youth is tickled into the expectation of becoming a millionaire.

It is a matter of speculation, in which the insurance companies by no means always win. The man who was something of a weakling in his early days has as much chance of touching his century as the man who at five and twenty was the cynosure of all eyes for his muscular development and correct proportions.—Macmillan's Magazine.

HE WAS ONLY A DOG.

BUT HE HAD BEEN THE EDITOR'S COMRADE FOR TEN YEARS.

Fred Came Nearer to the Standard of His Kind Than Most Human Beings Come to That of Their Kind—He Was a Real Christian In Some Respects.

Fred, The Press dog, was poisoned Friday night. One of the best friends we ever had, an almost constant companion for 10 years, died after hours of torture. Why did not the slayer show mercy and shoot Fred dead?

A dog has so many good human qualities and graces in superlative degree that we never hear of one's death that we do not feel that he deserved a more glowing obituary than many men. Affection, fidelity, constancy, patience, humility in deserved punishment, are traits of the dog the world over.

The devotion of a dog to his master is touching. He will leave his own kind to cleave to a man. Lord Bacon said, "A man is a god to a dog." No doubt a good man humanizes a dog, and a dog forgives a bad man for abuse and is the kinder, juster animal of the two.

Fred fondly cherished the delusion, if delusion it was, that the Lord made us specially for him. That was his creed. He would really make up with any one, except those who teased him, and his good nature could not help feeling resentment in these cases, but he stuck to us like a long lost brother, going everywhere, to pasture, to the woods, to the postoffice, to the library, to the courthouse, to park meetings, to caucuses, conventions and public meetings of all sorts, and maybe he got some good from these meetings, for he would always supplement applause given to a speech by [illegible] barks. Poor fellow! That was the nearest he could get to speech, except with his yellow agate eyes and telltale tail. He was rather too free with his remarks. Any unusual sight—a parade, a band procession, a circus pageant, an odd dress, the fire bell—would set him going.

We never saw a human being more sensitive to ridicule than he. He couldn't bear to be laughed at. And he was such an affectionate fellow. He was a real Christian that way. We say it with all reverence, but his meek, joyful, glad spirit of forgiveness often put us to a sense of shame. His was the nobler spirit. He forgave 70 times 7 and more if necessary.

He had some faults. Who has not? But he had fewer faults than any man we ever know. A dog measures up nearer to a correct standard than almost any human being. An amiable dog is steeped in moral graces. In affection, in unselfish devotion, in fidelity, in repentance, in watchful care, in kindness, in going on service till he drops, who exceeds him?

We miss that dog at every turn. On the street corners we catch ourself looking for him, to see if he has gone ahead or is left behind. As the town clock strikes 12 we miss his rising and stretching and his yellow glance, as if to say, "Master, it is time to go home." He could count up to 12, it seems. Before 6 p. m. he became restless and watched for the clock stroke. And he was set to the figure 7. He knew when Sunday came as well as any churchman. He knew what the fire bell meant and would run to the firehouse, as it rang, as excited as any member of the department. He knew every nook and corner in The Press office, having passed all his days there, and in a pinch we believe he could have set up a form, read proof, fed the presses. We know he could "pi" type. He liked to lie on a pile of old newspapers, but he never learned to tell a campaign lie.

There was never a dog in this town that took such a wide range as he. He went to all sorts of meetings and shows, entered stores, and at the bakery knew where was the box for stale breads and at the meat markets where were the boxes of bones. And his ethics were confused as to meum and tuum. He helped himself, but with such becoming grace that he never got kicked.

He had the weakness of his race for cats. His chief amusement was chasing them. He'd tear down the street, leap fences, go round houses like a whirlwind, but he could never catch one. He couldn't catch a rabbit. He couldn't catch anything, not even a cold.

He was sold to us in his tender boyhood for a water spaniel, but he was afraid of water. We were also told that he was a bird dog. He would neither "point" nor "set." We found out he was a turkey dog. We paid for two he killed. One was put in evidence, and we paid $2 for that gobbler. He was lost for a week—tied up in the country, whether for ransom we know not—but one dark, rainy Saturday night two boys answered our advertisement, and we found two urchins hitched by a rope to a seal brown dog with yellow eyes and long silky ears, and that overjoyed canine frescoed us with the clay he had acquired on his jaunt, and the lads said he had killed a turkey. We handed out $2 too quick and rescued our treasure. Paying $5 for him as a pup and contributing $4 to the Turkish mission and paying the annual tax on him for several years and the city registration fee and tax and for a leather collar and medal (5 cents) and for flea lotions, we reckon he stood us in some $20 to $35 in good money. But there was never a day we didn't get $5 worth of fun and satisfaction out of him, so that any schoolboy can figure what has been our income and profit on that dog for 10 or 12 happy years he spent with us. Really he was the most valuable piece of property we ever owned.

Fred knew he was mortally hurt and staggered to us, lolling fiercely, his eyes imploring sympathy and help. And though half paralyzed he obeyed the instinct of wild animals and dragged himself to cover to die unseen. Most animals die unwitnessed, and maybe he preferred to slip out of the living universe after the mode of his kind, but it seemed a monstrous shame to let him lie on the lush weeds under the currant bushes in the rain and dark and die alone. Who would not crouch by the side of a noble friend and hold the lantern at the vigil as a priest holds the altar candles and crucifix before the dimming eyes of the dying?

We buried him in the garden in winding sheets of Presses and felt that a grave never inclosed a more loving, honest creature.

A long farewell to Fred! He has launched his bark on another sea. A dogwood shall mark the head of his grave, and in memory of his penchant for cats catnip shall grow at the foot.—Howard A. Burrell in Washington (Ia.) Press.

A Poser For Gallants.

The young man clutched his elderly friend in a frantic grasp.

"What ought a feller to say," he asked, "when a young woman asks him if he thinks she is as old as she looks?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Thrift.

Thrift is a virtue. No people can long be free who are not thrifty. It is true that thrift sometimes passes beyond virtue, degenerating into the vice of greed. Because there are men who are greedy—drunk with the intoxication of wealth and power—we sometimes are told that wealth and power are criminal. There are some that hold that thrift is folly and personal ownership a crime. In the new Utopia all is to be for all, and no one can claim a monopoly, not even of himself. There may be worlds in which this shall be true. It is not true in the world into which you have been born. Nor can it be. In the world we know the free man should have a reserve of power, and this power is represented by money. If thrift ever ceases to be a virtue, it will be at a time long in the future. Before that time comes our Anglo-Saxon race will have passed away and our civilization will be forgotten.—David Starr Jordan in Popular Science Monthly.

It Was Easy to Live Then.

Living was cheap in the old Roman days. A night's lodgings at an inn could be had for about 4 cents. A pound of figs could be bought for 2 cents, and a fine, long cloak was purchasable at the extremely low figure of 20 cents.

THE RULERS OF MANKIND.

What though the Sword, incarnadined and crowned,
Yoke to its car the servile feet of Fate;
What though the sophist Senate's pompous prate
Engross the hour and shake the world with sound.
Their carnal conquests can at best but found
Some tinsel towering transitory state
On force or fraud, whose summits, soon or late,
Fresh fraud or force will level with the ground.
It is the silent, cremitic mind,
Immured in meditation long and lone,
Lord of all knowledge, while itself unknown,
And in its cloister ranging unconfined,
That builds Thought's time long universal throne,
And with an unseen scepter rules Mankind!
—Alfred Austin in National Review.

SETTING JAP TYPE.

Evidently There Is No Fun In Getting Out a Tokyo Newspaper.

Henry Norman says in "Real Japan:" "They are very keen journalists in the land of the chrysanthemum, but it must be allowed that the business is carried on under difficulties, from which even the hardened western newspaper man might shrink appalled. The internal organization of a newspaper office is a sad spectacle of daily struggle with difficulties unknown elsewhere and really unnecessary here.

"The Japanese written and printed character consists of the Chinese ideographs, those complicated square figures made up of an apparent jumble of zigzags and crosses and ticks and triangles and tails—'the footprints of a drunken fly'—and of the original Japanese syllabary, called kana. Of the former there are 20,000 in all, of which perhaps 14,000 constitute the scholar's vocabulary, and no fewer than 4,000 are in common daily use, while the [illegible] are known to everybody. Therefore the Japanese compositor has to be prepared to place in his stick any one of over 4,000 different types—truly an appalling task.

"From the nature of the problem several consequences naturally follow. First, he must be a good deal of a scholar himself to recognize all these instantly and accurately; secondly, his eyesight suffers fearfully, and he generally wears a huge pair of magnifying goggles, and, third, as it is physically impossible for any one man to reach 4,000 types a totally different method of case arrangement has to be devised.

"The 'typo,' therefore, of whom there are only three or four on a paper, sits at a little table at one end of a large room, with the case containing his 47 kana syllables before him. From end to end of the room tall cases of type are arranged like the shelves in a crowded library, a passage three feet wide being left between each two. The compositor receives his copy in large pieces, which he cuts into little takes and hands each of these to one of half a dozen boys who assist him. The boy takes this and proceeds to walk about among the cases till he has collected each of the ideographs, or square Chinese picture words, omitting all the kana syllables which connect them. While these boys are thus running to and fro snatching up the types and jostling each other they keep up a continual chant, singing the name of the character they are looking for, as they cannot recognize it till they hear its sound, the ordinary lower class Japanese not understanding his daily paper unless he reads it aloud."

CHICAGO RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM.

The Colony of Mean People Who Live Just Outside the Windy City.

"I always thought that the meanest people in the United States could be found right in the town of Chicago," said a New York man who has been living in the Windy City, "but I was mistaken, not very much mistaken, though, because the colony of mean people that I found live about ten miles outside of Chicago, and most of them come into town to business every day, so that while they cannot exactly be called Chicagoans still the city is more or less responsible for them.

"These men are of course commuters on the railroad. Now, this railroad issues an ordinary commuter's ticket, which is good for 400 miles of travel. There are 40 spaces marked around the edge of the ticket, and each one is marked 10, meaning that it is good for ten miles. The conductor punches one of these spaces out with an ordinary round punch for each trip. For a long time the railroad officials had noticed that receipts were falling off. Commutation tickets were not selling with their accustomed regularity, and finally the company put a detective to work. The detective watched the conductors, expecting to find that they were working in with the passengers, but could discover nothing wrong. The passengers seemed to be all well supplied with commutation tickets, and the conductors punched them regularly. It was all a great mystery until one of the conductors discovered the fraud. It's hard to believe, I know, but those commuters had actually been picking up the punchings after the conductor left the car, stowing them away, and then at their leisure pasting them in place again. It was a simple cheat, but so mean that it's difficult to believe that anybody would stoop to it.

"The conductor who cleared up the mystery made a careful examination of all commutation tickets the next morning. It is an actual fact that he found three out of every five tickets doctored. Some of the commuters made a great play at being indignant when their tickets were taken up, but it was pure bluff."—New York Sun.

As to the Woman Cyclist.

There would not seem to be much profit in discussing the question whether women should or should not ride the bicycle, in view of the fact that a great number of women have answered this for themselves in the affirmative. Looking at the matter, therefore, from a practical standpoint, it may be well to suggest that if women are determined to adopt this vigorous exercise they owe it to the community at large to be becomingly dressed. It is an unpleasant truth that most American women who ride the bicycle attire themselves in a manner that is not conventional, to say the least. An extraordinary style of dress known as "bloomers" appears to be most in vogue, but for my part I do not see that it has any special advantage over the old fashioned skirt. The "bloomers" are constructed in such generous proportions that they utterly destroy the symmetrical outlines of the female figure.—Ward McAllister in New York World.

Thought She Was Home.

The Louisville Courier-Journal relates an amusing incident of a young lady from a rural town who spent several days with a friend in that city. The first night of her visit her girl host and bedfellow was awakened by her friend, who clutched her frantically and made a desperate attempt to get out of bed. An electric car had just dashed by, with all the usual accompaniment of racket and gong. The hostess held on to the guest and said:

"What's the matter, Belle? What are you getting out of bed for?"

"Let me alone," mumured Belle in a sleepy, faraway, blue grass region tone. "I want to see who that is scootin down the pike."

The Tearless battle was fought between the Spartans on one side and the Arcadians and Argives on the other B. C. 367. Not a Spartan fell in the engagement, and so, Plutarch says, the Lacedæmonians called it the Tearless battle.

"Ef some men," said Uncle Eben, "wuz haf ez industr'ous in dah hones' duty ez dey am 'bout makin scuses, dey wouldn' need no scuses 'tall."—Washington Star.

Specialties In Tailoring.

Tailoring, like other extensive industries in metropolitan life, is diversified. One firm does nothing but cutting, another confines itself to buttonhole making and a third keeps men employed all the time in sponging cloth. Buttonhole making is a fine art in itself, and an expert can make good wages at it.—Chicago Tribune.

Miscellaneous. Miscellaneous.

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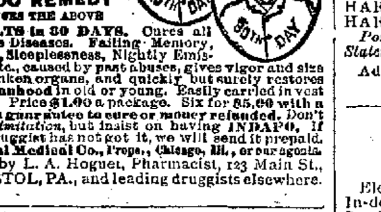

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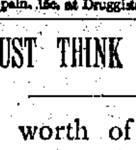

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Harper's Magazine.
IN 1895.

The Simpletons, a new novel by THOMAS HARDY, will be begun in the December Number, 1894, and continued to November, 1895. Thomas Hardy stands foremost as a master artist in fiction, and The Simpletons may be expected to arouse enthusiasm not inferior in degree to that which has marked Trilby—the most successful story of the year. Another leading feature will be the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieur Louis de Conte, Her Page and Secretary, under which guise the most popular of living American magazine writers will present the story of the Maid of Orleans. In the January Number will appear a profusely illustrated paper on Charleston and the Carolinas, the first of a series of Southern Papers.

Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of empires. The next volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will contain four illustrated articles on this region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the MAGAZINE a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January Number the first chapters of A Three-Part Novelette, by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the MAGAZINE.

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An American Serial, Doctor Warrick's Daughters, by Rebecca Harding Davis, a strong novel of American life, partly in Pennsylvania and partly in the far South, will occupy the last half of the year.

My Lady Nobody, an intensely exciting novel, by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," etc., will begin the year.

Essays and Social Chats. To this department Spectator will contribute her charming papers on "What We are Doing" in New York society.

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Fiction. There will be two powerful serials, both handsomely illustrated—The Red Cockade, a stirring romance of olden days by Stanley J. Weyman, and a novel of New York, entitled The Son of His Father, by Brander Matthews—several novelettes, and many short stories by popular writers.

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